
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

FEBRUARY, 1799.

SKETCH OF
THE MERITS OF SIR EDWARD BERRY.

TO soothe the rage, and allay the fury of contending nations, falls within the province of the enlightened and benevolent politician. To the retired and contemplative member of society it only belongs to admire and record those events which, by their favourable influence on human affairs, prove conducive to the welfare of our country. With this idea, we are induced to notice those characters who, by their skill and courage exerted in behalf of their native land, are entitled to our esteem and approbation. Upon this principle, a portion of our pages has been already dedicated to the merits of *Howe*, *Duncan*, *Jervis*, and *Nelson*. And we now proceed, with no small pleasure, to bring forward an officer whose exertions in the late victory demand our attention. Lord *Nelson* hath pronounced his eulogium, and his Majesty hath conferred upon him a distinguished mark of approbation. The *MONTHLY VISITOR*, therefore, takes a pride in having its present Number decorated with his portrait, and its pages enriched by a recital of those merits which have been acquired in the service of his country.

Sir *Edward Berry* is, we are credibly informed, a native of Norfolk, which county hath also the honour

of having given birth to Lord *Nelson*. He entered the navy at an early period of life, and is at this time about forty years of age. His manners are pleasing, and his courage has on many occasions ensured him celebrity.

One circumstance alone is sufficiently indicative of the merits of this brave officer—his being the favourite of Lord *Nelson*. No individual will be inclined to question his lordship's discernment in nautical affairs, nor is it to be supposed that this discernment should forsake him in the selection of his own officers. Upon this arrangement depends, in a great degree, the success of naval expeditions. For little can the most eminent commander perform except those persons who are immediately beneath him be ready to receive and execute the orders with which they are entrusted.

It appears that Sir *Edward Berry* acted with energy under Lord *Nelson* in the victory over the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, in February 1797. He assisted him in that extraordinary business of boarding the *St. Nicolas* through the cabin window. The account of this manœuvre is detailed in our *Life of Lord Nelson*, which was given in our Number for October last. Thither the reader is referred; he will find the name of *Berry* mentioned in a manner which implies the greatest courage and bravery. On that affair no comment is necessary. The execution of it displays a portion of talent and exertion which ensures the warmest commendation.

But it is the decided part he took in the memorable battle of the Nile, that induces us to present his likeness to our Readers. Here he exhibited a noble proof of the zeal with which his heart was warmed for the welfare of his country. Being captain of the Vanguard, which bore the flag of *Nelson*, an opportunity was afforded for exertion, and that exertion was imparted with the utmost energy. When in the course of the engagement Lord *Nelson* was wounded and carried off the deck, Sir *Edward* supplied his place with distinguished alacrity. The manner in which his Lordship

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ship mentions the assistance he received on the melancholy occasion, in his letter to the Admiralty, will do both him and his Captain, immortal honour! His words are too remarkable to be here omitted:

“ The support and assistance (says Lord *Nelson*) I have received from Captain BERRY, cannot be *sufficiently expressed*. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain BERRY was *fully equal* to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory ”

After so flattering an eulogium, we cannot add any thing to his celebrity by our praises. Gladly, however, do we recount these his merits, and sincerely do we congratulate him on the reputation which he has thus so deservedly acquired.

His present indisposition, we trust, is not of a dangerous kind. It is, indeed, not an unusual circumstance for the mind, after extraordinary exertion, to experience a degree of languor. We hope that the means employed for his recovery may be attended with success. May his illness be speedily removed! May he be soon restored to the honourable services of his country!

His Majesty, with his usual condescension, has conferred on this brave officer the honour of knighthood. The judicious bestowment of honours does credit both to him that gives and to him that receives them. The assigned reward stimulated the Greeks and Romans to deeds with which the world hath resounded: upon Britons it will produce similar effects; the *Battle of the Nile* will be associated with the names of *Nelson* and his brave officers to the latest posterity.

The glory of the late victory which Lord NELSON obtained over the French fleet, still continues to attract attention. Indeed the profundity of its manœuvres, the promptitude of its execution, and the extent of its

beneficial consequences, recommend it to our special regard. The enemy hath been smitten with a stroke which hath founded throughout the universe. That very fleet which hath borne the conqueror of Italy in triumph along the Mediterranean, was almost in an instant annihilated ! The invader of Egypt was left abandoned to his fate. A foe unparalleled for its audacity has been humbled, and will, we trust, on that account be more inclinable to listen to the terms of peace and reconciliation.

To expatiate on the advantages resulting from the victory of the Nile, will be superfluous. *All* are sensible of its benefits ; *all* are ready to acknowledge that no event in the course of the present unhappy war hath proved more serviceable to Britain. That it may produce a speedy and lasting peace, must be the wish of every humane and generous heart.

The horrors of war have for several years past been far and widely extended. We shudder at the recollection of so much carnage and destruction. The fields of Europe have been drenched with blood, and the soil manured by the carcases of its inhabitants. Is the devouring sword never to be sheathed ? Are the horrid instruments of war never to be converted into the implements of agriculture, agreeable to the intimation of ancient prophecy ? Yes, we verily believe that the period will arrive when hostilities shall cease, and the prospects of tranquillity, which good men fondly indulge, shall be realized. The victory of the Nile, *wisely improved*, may facilitate the approach of this illustrious epoch :

How long shall it be thus ? Say, REASON, say,
When shall thy long minority expire ?
When shall thy dilatory kingdom come ?
Haste, royal infant, to thy manhood spring !
Almighty when mature, to rule mankind.
Weak are the outward checks that would supply
Thy bridle's place within the secret heart.

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Thine is the majesty; the victory thine,
 For thee reserv'd o'er all the wrongs of life.
 The pigmy rapine, whose invasions vex
 The private scene, that hides his head minute
 From human justice, it is thine to end;
 And thine the Titan crimes that lift to heaven
 Their bluthless fronts and laugh at laws: to thee
 All might belongs: leap to thy ripen'd years!
 Mount thine immortal throne and sway the world!

FAWCETT.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXIV.]

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

“ I fung flocks———”

VIRGIL'S EPITAPH BY HIMSELF.

THE *Æneid* of this celebrated Roman poet has been already considered, and several of its beauties pointed out for the instruction and entertainment of the reader. We proceed to the survey of his *Eclogues*, commonly stiled *Pastorals*, and a cursory review of them will at once excite and gratify the attention.

The *pastoral* is a species of composition which took its rise in the earliest ages of the world. The chief riches of our forefathers consisted in flocks and herds; hence a recital of their sentiments, and an imitation of their language, afforded materials for poetical composition. When society advanced in civilization, and luxury with its baneful attendants, was introduced, then a contrast of artificial manners, with the simplicity of rural life, became a favourite topic of declamation. In this case the pastoral embraced a wide circle of objects, and, when well executed, must have imparted no small degree of instruction and entertainment. *Theocritus*, a Grecian, first cultivated this kind of poetry, and *Vir-*

gil, in his eclogues, professedly imitated him. The pastorals of the former are evidently dictated by the utmost simplicity, whilst those of the latter are marked by all the polished elegance and courteous urbanity of the Augustan age.

In number the pastorals of Virgil are TEN, the subjects of which possess a considerable degree of variety. We shall enumerate them, since many particulars relative to the author are immediately connected with them. His first performance in this line is supposed to have been written U. C. 739, the year before the death of Julius Cæsar, when the poet was in the 25th year of his age; it is entitled *Alexis*. Possibly *Palemon* was his second, it is a close imitation of the fourth and fifth Idylls of Theocritus. Mr. Warton places *Silenus* next, which is said to have been publicly recited on the stage by Cytheris, a celebrated comedian. Virgil's fifth eclogue is composed in allusion to the death and deification of Julius Cæsar. The battle of Philippi, in 712, having put an end to Roman liberty, Augustus distributed the lands of Mantua and Cremona among his soldiers. Virgil was involved in this common calamity, and applied to Varus and Pollio, who warmly recommending him to Augustus, procured for him his patrimony again. Full of gratitude to Augustus, he composed the *Tityrus*, which consists of an easy and natural dialogue between two shepherds. To mention the occasions on which the rest were composed will be unnecessary, except that of *Pollio*, which is much celebrated for its supposed reference to the Messiah. The circumstances were these:—The Consul Pollio, on the part of Antony, and Mæcenas on the part of Cæsar, had settled the differences between them, by agreeing that Octavia, half sister to Cæsar, should be given in marriage to Antony. This agreement caused universal joy, and Virgil, by this eclogue, shews that he warmly participated in the general satisfaction. Octavia was with child by her late husband, Marcellus,

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at the time of this marriage, and whereas the Sybilline oracles had foretold that a child was to be born about this time who should rule the world, and establish peace, the poet ingeniously supposes the child, with which Octavia was pregnant, to be this glorious infant, under whose reign mankind was to be happy, the golden age to return from heaven, and fraud and violence were to be no more ! The delineation of this felicitous state of the human race is conducted with inimitable beauty and delicacy. The powers of the poet are drawn forth into full exercise. Every thing that can impart satisfaction to the human heart is here specified, and decorated with that rich colouring of fancy which delights the imagination and interests the soul. It is impossible to read the *Pollio* without the ardent glow of admiration.

These several pastorals of Virgil, are highly rural and interesting. Neither too low, nor too high, he preserves that dignified simplicity of manners which conciliates attention. He keeps to the characters and humours of the shepherds of those ages with such propriety and ease of expression, that we are induced to think that he had lived among those happy people, and been long acquainted with the care of their flocks, their amours, and their harmless differences.

Thus what an assemblage of rural images are collected together in the following passage, taken from his first eclogue !

Happy old man ! here mid th' accustom'd streams,
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams ;
While from yon willow fence, thy pasture's bound,
The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,
Shall sweetly mingle with the whispering boughs
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose :
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard,
Nor the soft cooing dove, thy favourite bird,
Meanwhile shall cease to breathe her melting strain,
Nor turtles from the ærial elms to plain.

WARTON.

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The original is still more expressive, but its beauty cannot be infused into any translation.

In his *ninth* eclogue we meet with the following picturesque object, an antique rustic sepulchre in the midst of an engaging landscape :

. To our mid journey are we come,
I see the top of old Bianor's tomb ;
Here, Mæris, where the swains thick branches prune,
And strew their leaves, our voices let us tune.

WARTON.

A despairing lover, the most pitiable object in nature, is thus described in the second eclogue :

Mid shades of thickest beech he pin'd alone,
To the wild woods and mountains made his moan,
Still day by day in incoherent strains,
'Twas all he could despairing tell his pains.

WARTON.

The origin of love is also depicted with an unusual simplicity and vivacity :

Once with your mother to our fields you came
For dewy apples ; thence I date my flame ;
The choicest fruit I pointed to your view,
Tho' young, my raptur'd soul was fix'd on you ;
The boughs I just could reach with little arms,
But then, even then, could feel thy powerful charms.
O ! how I gaz'd in pleasing transport lost !
How glow'd my heart, in sweet delusion lost !

WARTON.

We must indulge ourselves in another quotation, it shall be taken from the *Pollio* ; its introductory lines thus explain the design and tendency of that celebrated eclogue :—

Sicilian muse, begin a loftier strain !
Tho' lonely shrubs and trees that shade the plain
Delight not all ; Sicilian muse, prepare,
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.

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The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
 Renews its finish'd course ; Saturnian times
 Roll round again, and mighty years begun
 From their first orb in radiant circles run,
 The base degenerate iron offspring ends,
 A golden progeny from heaven descends :
 O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
 And haste the glorious birth ; thy own Apollo reigns !
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall *Pollio's* consulship and triumph grace ;
 Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.

DRYDEN.

From these specimens it will be seen that the pastorals of Virgil are deserving of much praise. Throughout the whole of them there runs an enchanting simplicity, and his images are copied from nature. "In *HIS Eclogues* are not to be found those common place families to which ordinary poets always resort, and with which their writings have abounded. In every pastoral, a scene or rural prospect should be distinctly drawn and set before us. It is not enough that we have those unmeaning groups of violets and roses, of birds and brooks, and breezes, which our common pastoral mongersthrow together, and which are perpetually recurring upon us without variation. A good poet ought to give us such a landscape as a painter could copy after ; his objects must be particularized ; the stream, the rock, or the tree, must each of them stand forth so as to make a figure in the imagination, and to give us a pleasing conception of reality."

It has been already remarked, that Theocritus first cultivated pastoral poetry, and to him Virgil is greatly indebted. Dr. Blair, therefore, has ingeniously contrasted them together, and with the comparison, which must please every reader of taste, we conclude our present essay :—

"The two great fathers of pastoral poetry are Theocritus and Virgil. Theocritus was a Sicilian, and as he has laid
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the scene of his own eclogues in his own country, Sicily became ever afterwards a sort of consecrated ground for pastoral poetry. His Idyllia, as he has entitled them, are not all of equal merit, nor indeed are they all pastorals, but some of them poems of a quite different nature. In such, however, as are properly pastorals, there are many and great beauties. He is distinguished for the simplicity of his sentiments; for the great sweetness and harmony of his numbers, and for the richness of his scenery and description. He is the original of which Virgil is the imitator. For most of Virgil's highest beauties in his eclogues are copied from Theocritus; in many places he has done nothing more than translate him. He must be allowed, however, to have imitated him with great judgment, and, in some respects, to have improved upon him. For Theocritus, it cannot be denied, descends sometimes into ideas that are gross and mean, and makes his shepherds abusive and immodest; whereas Virgil is free from offensive rusticity, and at the same time preserves the character of pastoral simplicity. The same distinction obtains between Theocritus and Virgil as between many other of the Greek and Roman writers. The Greek led the way, followed nature more closely, and shewed more original genius. The Roman discovered more of the polish and correctness of art. We have a few remains of other two Greek poets in the pastoral stile, which have very considerable merit, and if they want the simplicity of Theocritus, excel him in tenderness and delicacy."

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXVI.]

JONAS HANWAY.

THE justly famous Jonas Hanway, who was remarkable for his *spare* and *meagre* habit, meeting a drunken man, who seemed inclined to take up the whole of the way, made a full stop, saying, "My friend, I think you have drank a little *too much*." "And I," says the drunken man, "think you have eat a little *too little*."

AN EPITAPH ON AN EMINENT CHEMIST.

A MAN who in his earthly laboratory
 Pursued various processes to obtain
 Arcanum vitæ,
 Or the secret how to live :
 Also, *Aurum vitæ*,
 Or the art of getting, not of making gold.
 Alchymist-like, he saw
 All his labour and projection,
 As Mercury in the fire evaporate *in fumo*.
 When he dissolved to his first principles,
 He departed as poor
 As the last drop of an alembic :
 Though fond of novelty he carefully avoided
 The fermentation, effervescence, and decipitation
 Of this life :
 Full 70 years his exalted essence
 Was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrafs :
 But the radical moisture being exhausted,
 The *Elixir Vitæ* spent,
 And excoriated to a cuticle,
 He could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
 But præcipitated *gradatum*
 Per Campanum
 To his original dust.
 May the light above, more resplendant
 Than phosphorus, preserve him
 From the empyreuma and reverberatory furnace
 Of the other world ;
 Depurate him from the fæces of this,
 Rectify and volatalize his
 Æthereal spirit,
 Place it in a proper recipient
 Or crystalline ore,
 Among the choicest of the flowers of Benjamin
 Never to be saturated till the general resuscitation,
 Deflagration, calcination,
 And
 Sublimation
 OF ALL THINGS.

GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY.

THE disposition of Lorenzo de Medici, which afterwards gave him a peculiar claim to the title of magnificent, was apparent in his childhood. Having received as a present, a horse, from Sicily, he sent the donor, in return, a gift of much greater value; and on being reproved for his profuseness, he remarked, that there was nothing more glorious than to overcome others in acts of generosity!

FORGIVENESS.

A FEW citizens, who had made an unsuccessful attempt against the house of Medici, unable to support their disgrace, adopted a voluntary exile; but the kindness of Lorenzo allayed the apprehensions of the greater part of the conspirators, and rendered them in future more favourable to his interests. "He only knows how to conquer," said Lorenzo, "who knows how to forgive!"

HUMANE POLICY.

IF the prudence of Lorenzo was conspicuous in defeating his adversaries, it was more so in the use he made of his victory. He well knew that humanity and sound policy are inseparable, and either did not feel, or wisely suppressed, that vindictive spirit which civil contests seldom fail to excite. "I have heard from brother Filippo," says Valori, "that upon his introducing to Lorenzo, for the purpose of reconciliation, Antonio Tebalducci, who had by different means attempted his ruin, Lorenzo observing that my brother hesitated in requesting his indulgence towards an avowed enemy, said to him, with great kindness:—*I should owe you no obligation, Filippo, for introducing to me a friend; but by converting an enemy into a friend, you have done me a favour which I hope you will as often as possible repeat.*"

ADVICE

ADVICE TO STATESMEN.

ALTHOUGH Lorenzo, (continued Alberti) you have given proof of such virtues as would induce us to think them rather of divine than human origin; although there seems to be no undertaking so momentous as not to be accomplished by that prudence and courage which you have displayed, even in your early years; and although the impulse of youthful ambition, and the full enjoyment of those gifts of fortune which have often intoxicated men of high expectation and great virtue, have never yet been able to impel you beyond the just bounds of moderation; yet both you, and that republic which you are shortly to direct, or rather which now in a great measure reposes on your care, will derive important advantages from those hours of leisure which you may pass either in solitary meditation, or social discussion, on the origin and nature of the human mind. For it is impossible that any person should rightly direct the affairs of the public, unless *he has previously established in himself virtuous habits, and enlightened his understanding with that knowledge which will enable him clearly to discern why he is called into existence, what is due to others, and what to himself!*

POETIC LOVE.

WHETHER the assiduities of Lorenzo, and the persuasions of his friends, were sufficiently powerful to soften that obduracy which there is reason to presume Lucretia manifested on his first addresses, yet remains a matter of doubt. The sonnets of Lorenzo rise and fall through every degree of the thermometer of love; he exults and he despairs, he freezes and he burns, he sings of raptures too great for mortal sense, and he applauds a severity of virtue that no solicitations can move. From such contradictory testimony what are we to conclude? Lorenzo has himself presented us with the key that unlocks this mystery. From the relation which he has

before given, we find that Lucretia was *the mistress of the poet*, and not of the man. Lorenzo sought for an object to concentrate his ideas, to give them strength and effect, and he found in Lucretia a subject that suited his purpose and deserved his praise. But having so far realized his mistress, he has dressed and ornamented her according to his own imagination. Every action of her person, every emotion of her mind, is subject to his controul. She smiles, or she frowns; she refuses or relents; she is absent, or present; she intrudes upon his solitude by day, or visits him in his nightly dreams, just as his presiding fancy directs.

LACONIC LETTER FROM LORENZO TO HIS WIFE.

This letter, written upon his arrival at Milan, though very short, and not distinguished by any flights of fancy, exhibits more sincerity and affection than the greater part of his amorous sonnets:—

LORENZO DE MEDICI TO HIS WIFE CLARICE.

"I arrived here in safety, and am in good health. This I believe will please thee better than any thing else, except my return: at least, so I judge from my own desire to be once more with thee. Associate as much as possible with my father and my sisters. I shall make all possible speed to return to thee, for it appears a thousand years till I see thee again. Pray to God for me. If thou want any thing from this place write in time. From Milan, 22 July, 1469.

THY LORENZO DE MEDICI."

CHARITY.

THE ancestors of Lorenzo had, in the course of 37 years, computing from the return of Cosmo from banishment, in 1434, expended in works of public charity, or utility, upwards of 660,000 florins; a sum which Lorenzo himself justly denominates incredible, and which may serve to give us a striking idea of the extensive traffic by which such munificence could be supported. In relating this circumstance, Lorenzo gives his

his hearty sanction to the manner in which this money had been employed. "Some persons would perhaps think," says he, in his favourite Ricordi, "that it would be more desirable to have a part of it in their purse; but I conceive it has been a great advantage to the public, and well laid out, and am therefore perfectly satisfied."

CHARACTER OF POLITIANO.

RESPECTING the temper and character of Politiano, his epistles afford us ample information. In one of those addressed to Matteo Corvino, king of Hungary, a monarch eminently distinguished for his encouragement of learned men, he hesitates not, while he pays a just tribute of gratitude to the kindness of Lorenzo, to claim the merit due to his own industry and talents. "From a humble situation," says he, "I have, by the favour and friendship of Lorenzo de Medici, been raised to some degree of rank and celebrity, without any other recommendation than my proficiency in literature. During many years, I have not only taught in Florence the Latin tongue with great approbation, but even in the Greek language I have contended with the Greeks themselves, a species of merit that, I may boldly say, has not been attained by any of my countrymen for a thousand years past!"

EQUANIMITY.

"I AM no more raised or dejected," said Politiano, "by the flattery of my friends, or the accusations of my enemies, than I am by the shadow of my own body; for although that shadow may be somewhat longer in the morning and the evening than it is in the middle of the day, this will scarcely induce me to think myself a taller man at those times than I am at noon."

CURIOUS THEFT.

FORGETFUL of the right of nations, which it was his province to teach, Soccini made an attempt to evade his engagement at Pisa, and to carry off with him to Venice sundry books and property of the Academy entrusted to his care, which he had artfully concealed in wine casks. Being taken and brought to Florence, he was there condemned to death; but Lorenzo exerted his authority to prevent the execution of the sentence, alledging as a reason for his interference, that—*so accomplished a scholar ought not to suffer an ignominious death!* An observation which may shew his veneration for science, but which will be scarcely found sufficient to exculpate a man whose extensive knowledge rather aggravated than alleviated his offence. Soccini, however, not only escaped his punishment, but in the space of three years was reinstated in his professorship, with a salary of one thousand florins.

LIFE OF SOCRATES.

(Continued from page 62.)

SOCRATES made several campaigns, in all of which he gave noble examples of courage and obedience. He had long hardened himself against all the wants of nature, and the inclemency of seasons; and at the siege of Poticlæa, when the severe cold kept the troops under their tents, he without taking any precaution, still appeared in the same dress which he wore at any other time, and was seen to walk barefooted on the ice. The soldiers imagined that he intended to insult their effeminacy, but he would have done the same had no person seen him.

At the same siege, during a sally which the garrison made, having found Alcibiades covered with wounds, he snatched him from the hands of the enemy; and
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some time after procured the prize of bravery to be decreed him, which he had himself merited. At the battle of Delium, he was among the last who retired by the side of his general, whom he assisted with his advice, marching slowly, and fighting as he retired, till perceiving the youth Xenophon exhausted with fatigue, and thrown from his horse, he took him on his shoulders and conveyed him to a place of safety. This courage did not forsake him on occasions still more perilous. When the senate proposed an oppressive sentence against some generals who had gained a signal victory, the multitude ever enraged at the least contradiction, demanded, that all who opposed the proceedings should be placed among the number of the accused. The other presidents were intimidated, and gave their approbation to the decree. Socrates alone, intrepid in the midst of clamour and menaces, protested that, having taken an oath to judge conformably to the laws, nothing should induce him to violate it, nor did he violate it! Attached to the prevailing religion of his time, he thought conformably to the ancient traditions adopted by the philosophers. Allowances must be made for the unenlightenedness of that age, as their reason was obscured by mythological traditions. In Greece, the rays of true christianity had not as yet overthrown the slavish bonds of superstition. No wonder that Socrates believed in divination, nor that he sometimes mistook his free sentiments for divine inspiration, and ascribed to a preternatural cause the effects of his prudence, or of chance. We seem compelled to admit, that the conduct of the wisest and most virtuous men sometimes presents us with impenetrable obscurities.

He asserted, that knowledge itself might become hurtful. Socrates, by his talking of reformation and virtue, drew upon himself the hatred of many Athenians. To expose Socrates to ridicule, Aristophanes, in his comedy of the Clouds, represents him suspended in a basket, resembling his thoughts to the subtle and

light air which he respires, and invoking the clouds, the tutelary deities of the sophists, whose voice he imagines that he hears in the midst of the fogs and darkness by which he is surrounded. Such attacks could no more shake his fortitude than the events of his life. "It is my duty," said he, "to correct my faults, if the sarcasms of these writers are well founded, and to despise them if they are not." He was one day told that a certain person had spoken ill of him: "That is," replied he, "because he has not yet learned to speak well."

Socrates was unexpectedly informed that an accusation against him was presented to the Archons by Melitus. Two accusers, Anytus and Lycun, more powerful than Melitus, made this frigid poet the instrument of their hatred. Anytus had long lived on friendly terms with Socrates, but took disgust at the candid advice of this dignified philosopher. To these private grievances were added others, which instigated Anytus in common with the greater part of the Athenians. Two factions constantly subsisted at Athens, the partisans of aristocracy, and those of democracy. After the taking of Athens, the Lacedemonians confided the government of the city to thirty magistrates. At their head was Cretias, one of the disciples of Socrates.

In the space of eight months those tyrants had committed more cruelties than the people could be accused of in the course of several centuries. At length the oligarchy was destroyed, and the ancient form of government re-established.

The flatterers of the multitude still, nevertheless, increased alarms, by representing that certain violent and restless minds daily declaimed, with the most offensive temerity, against the nature of the popular government; that Socrates, the most dangerous of them all, because possessed of the greatest abilities, incessantly corrupted the youth of Athens, by maxims contrary to the established constitution. In a word, they were

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were determined to make Socrates feel the power of their authority. But what just accusation could be brought against him! Anytus provided against such inconveniencies, and was at once adapted to gratify his private enmity, and the vengeance of the popular party. The secret of these proceedings has not escaped posterity*. During the first proceedings, Socrates continued quiet. His disciples, terrified, conjured him to dispel the storm. One of his friends, Hermogenes, one day intreated him to employ himself in preparing his defence. "That," replied Socrates, "has been my employment from the hour of my birth, let my whole life undergo an examination, and that shall be my defence. Posterity shall decide between my judges and me, and while it shall load their memory with opprobrium, it shall clear mine from the imputations of my enemies, and do me the justice to declare, that far from endeavouring to corrupt my fellow citizens, I have incessantly laboured to render them better men."

Such was the disposition of his mind when he appeared before the tribunal of the Celiata, and which, on this occasion, was composed of about five hundred judges.

* Socrates confined his doctrines to maxims of pure morality, and endeavoured to bring men back from the wild and speculative notions which characterized the learning of his countrymen at that time, by confining the studies of his disciples to their own breasts, in which purity and virtue could not fail of producing happiness. He comprised his idea of virtue in this maxim:—"Adore God, honour your parents, and do good to all men." He strongly recommended perseverance, sedateness, and modesty, and was himself a distinguished example of these virtues. He firmly opposed the corruption of the magistrates, and the superstition and hypocrisy of the priesthood; and in consequence fell a victim to their machinations, for practising virtues which have rendered his name sacred to posterity.

Melitus,

Melitus, and his accusers, had introduced with consummate art a variety of circumstances proper to prejudice the judges; but Socrates defended his innocence, and confuted their accusations with a manly sincerity. After having cleared himself from the crime of impiety, he proceeded to the second head of the accusation. Said he:—"It is alledged, that I corrupt the youth of Athens. Let my accusers produce one of my disciples whom I have drawn into vice. I see many of them in the assembly, let them arise and depose against their corrupter." In a masterly manner did Socrates elucidate the malignity of his accusers, and vindicate his own innocence; and concluded by saying:—"That he was firmly persuaded of the existence of the Divine Being, and without fear committed himself to his justice, and that of his judges." But, alas! the judges of Socrates were, for the most part, taken from the dregs of the people, destitute of knowledge and principle. Some of them considered his firmness as an insult, and others were offended at the praises he bestowed on himself. The majority, therefore, voted him attainted and convicted; but his enemies only gained their point by a small number of voices. He made no effort to incline the judges in his favour, but that of firm truth. Socrates might have chosen between a fine, banishment, or perpetual imprisonment. He again addressed his judges, and said, that to specify any punishment would be to confess himself guilty of a crime; but that as he had rendered the greatest services to his country, he in reality deserved to be maintained in the Prytaneum at the public expence; at these words, eighty of his judges, who had before voted in his favour, went over to the party of the prosecutor, and judgment of death by poison was pronounced.

Socrates received his sentence with the tranquillity of a man who during his whole life had learned to die. In a third discourse he consoled those of his judges who had acquitted him, by observing, that no evil can hap-

pen

pen to the virtuous man, neither while he lives, or after death. To those who had accused or condemned him, he represented that they must incessantly suffer from the remorse of conscience, and the reproaches of just men; that death being to him a gain, he felt no anger against them, though he had reason to complain of their hatred. He ended with these words: "It is time for us to depart, I to die, and you to continue to live; but whether of these be the better lot is known only to the Divine Being." When he left the court to return to prison, no alteration was discernible either in his countenance or his gait. He said to his disciples, who melted into tears around him:—"Why do you weep now for the first time?" "I am in despair," replied the youth Appollodorus, "to think that you should die innocent." "Would you rather choose," replied Socrates with a smile, "that I should die guilty?" He saw Anytus pass by, and said to his friends:—"How proud is that man of his triumph! He knows not that virtue must ever be victorious."

J. C.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GENERAL REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

(Concluded from page 54).

BIOGRAPHY

NEVER fails to interest its readers by the variety which it presents to their attention. The *Life of Linnæus*, the great Naturalist, from the German, translated by Mr. Trapp, abounds with facts, and illustrates the progress of genius, aided by incessant industry. The *Memoirs of Mary Woolstonecraft* may be pronounced a strange medley, because whilst it details the history of that extraordinary and unfortunate woman, it endeavours to apologize for instances of conduct which are hostile to every species of morality. For the merits

merits of this female we have shewn our respect by the selection of her beauties, but her eccentricities we cannot defend. Mr. Godwin, indeed, delights in contradicting the received opinions of mankind, and mistakes paradox for truth. We believe him sincere in his attachment to Mary Woolstonecraft, and his respect for her memory, is worthy of praise. But his settled contempt for marriage, the most honourable institution of civilized society, and his ridicule of all religion, are deserving from every honest mind of the severest reprehension. The *Life of the Empress of Russia*, from the French, has merit, and gives a tolerably good account of this celebrated Amazon. Her conduct has been pointedly arraigned, and her character is far from being entitled to unreserved commendation. Noble's *Lives of the English Regicides*, is a violent Phillippic against the French, founded on a portion of the British history. To the praise of industry he may lay claim, but a clergyman should devote himself to labours which, instead of inflaming, might allay the passions of mankind. Let cruelty of every kind be reprobated, and let the most effectual means be taken by the different ranks of society to promote their mutual happiness and prosperity. The new edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, in 15 volumes, is, with a few exceptions, a valuable work, and replete with entertainment. The *Literary Memoirs of Living Authors of Great Britain*, is a collection of biographical particulars, arranged with little taste and less judgment. Prejudices are indulged against certain characters, which greatly detract from the merit of a work whose basis should be the strictest impartiality.

POETRY.

Warton's edition of *Pope's Works*, has met with severe criticism, but may, on the whole, be deemed a valuable performance. Cottle and Booker's *Malvern Hills*, are two poems on the same subject, possessing much

much merit. Moore's *Columbiad*, or, the *Discovery of America*, is a miserable attempt at epic poetry; whilst Pyc's *Naval Dominion*, is fraught with fire, and animated by a commendable patriotism. Southey's *Joan of Arc*, has been published in a revised state. Two *Elegies to the Memory of Mr. Burke*, by Mr. Eustace, and Mrs. West, are a suitable tribute of respect to the character of that renowned statesman. Rogers's *Epistle to a Friend*, is elegant and appropriate. Gisborne's *Vales of Wever*, have many pleasing passages; and Hunter's *Tribute to the Manes of Unfortunate Poets*, will excite the pity of every feeling heart. Cheerham's *Poems* are not an unpleasing specimen of juvenile exertions. His lines display an acquaintance with the classical stores of antiquity, and his taste is capable of improvement. To young poets we would always wish to discover a partiality, especially where considerable merit is discernible, and where the assiduous culture of a talent will not be ill bestowed. Fawcett's *Poems*, will likewise instruct and entertain the reader by several pieces which mark his taste, and proclaim his genius. Oratory and poetry are nearly allied. Though we are of opinion, that Mr. Fawcett, like the late Dr. James Fordyce, shows a superior talent in his pulpit compositions. The *Ode to Lord Nelson, on his Conquest in Egypt*, is an animated effusion of respect to that brave officer, whose talents and virtues are everywhere applauded. His *Life* we have already given in our Number for October, and also a detail of the celebrated victory. There we expressed a fervent wish that so brilliant an achievement might secure to us the blessing of Peace. In this wish our poet most fervently acquiesces, and his lines we quote with peculiar approbation:—

Avails it the victorious palm to gain,
If still our Albion, Queen of Isles, in vain

Thy

Thy absence, GENIAL PEACE must mourn;
 Ah! when shall each dejected vale,
 Each hill and plain, sweet stranger, hail
 The blessings of thy kind return!
 Thy silver streamers fluttering to the gale
 Once fleeted long upon our towers,
 Thou once didst love our ALBION's bowers.

The Warning, a Poetical Address to Britons, is not deserving of much praise for its poetry, and displays too much of a political spirit for general acceptance. Every attempt to depict the horror of anarchy is to be commended, but an indiscriminate reprobation of liberty, manifests little judgment. The following passage is pleasing, and reminds us of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*:—

How sweet the scene beneath the evening skies!
 Up the green hill the village murmurs rise;
 There as with easy steps and slow I stray,
 The feather'd songsters chirp on every spray;
 The swain with artless music fills the vale,
 The gathering herd that lows to meet the pail,
 The ruddy maid with bashful looks of love,
 The sportive lambkins, and the cooing dove,
 The noisy geese, that gabble round the brook,
 The twitt'ring swallow, and the cawing rook,
 The aged fires, that tell the daily news,
 The playful children, easy to amuse;
 These ALL in mingled concert crowd the green,
 And close, in happy peace, the evening scene!

We wish that the rest of the poem had been equally entitled to our approbation. Mr. Hayley's splendid edition of *Milton* is now completed, and we are charmed with the elegance of its execution. The memory of that wonderful poet should be sedulously cherished, his gigantic genius reflects an honour on the British nation.

NOVELS.

This department is seldom barren of productions, though their merits are easily ascertained. Mrs. Robinson's

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binson's *Walsingham*, is a work of dubious reputation, though it contains many pleasing passages, both in prose and poetry. Mrs. Bennett's *Beggar Girl*, is not without merit, but is wire-drawn through seven volumes. Miss Plumtre's *Rector's Son*, is an useful production; and Hanway's *Ellinor, or the World as it is*, displays talent and observation. Hay's *Emma Courtenay*, may be denominated an eccentric effusion, in which ability is discernible, but it is a palpable imitation of Rousseau and Mary Woolstonecraft. Its moral tendency also is questionable, and therefore cannot meet our approbation. Moser's *Moral Tales*, are of a contrary complexion, calculated to advance the knowledge and virtue of the rising generation. Other novels might be noticed; but fictitious works require rather to be checked, than forwarded, in the present age. HISTORY should be the great subject of perusal to youth, particularly that of our native country; to be ignorant of which ought uniformly to be the subject of reprobation.

THE DRAMA

cannot boast of many original pieces of merit in the course of the last few months. Cumberland's *False Impressions*, possesses a moral tendency, but its merits are not very transcendent either in its plot, or composition. Holcroft's *Knave or Not*, like the author's other dramatical productions, is ingenious, and contains many fine satyrical allusions, which have injured its popularity. Boaden's *Cambro Britons*, is an indifferent performance, and was not well received by the public, though recommended by the enchanting accompaniment of a ghost! Reynolds's *Cheap Living*, is more suited to *acting* than to *reading*, as such its merits may be easily conjectured. *Blue Beard*, and the *Castle of Spilzburg*, have acquired a degree of popularity, and are chiefly valuable on account of their songs and decorations. *Lovers Vows*, and *Laugh when you Can*, are performed with great acceptance; the latter is marked

by an unpleasant intricacy ; the former abounds with the most engaging representations of human nature. The plays of Kotzebue are becoming favourites with the British public ; indeed the dignity of his sentiments, and the tenderness of his delineations, will ensure him an hearty approbation.

EDUCATION.

Here we must not omit Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, a work of peculiar importance to the student, because it displays the profundity of the grammarian, and the elegance of the philologist. He has now brought out in a quarto form, what originally appeared in an octavo volume. This is only the *first* part, therefore a more particular account of it must be deferred till its completion. We may, however, remark, that the original work is greatly enlarged, by which means the fundamental principles of his system are illustrated with perspicuity. We wish that the genius of its author had been uniformly directed to philological enquiries, instead of immersing himself in politics ; he must have found that his felicity, in such a case, would have been less interrupted, and his services rendered more acceptable to the community. But the principal publication under this head, is Edgworth's *Practical Education*, a work of minute observation and extensive utility. In our Review we have given the entire summary of this valuable performance, for which we have received the thanks of many intelligent readers. Hornsey's *Short English Grammar*, is a compilation from writers of acknowledged reputation. *Youth's Miscellany*, and Saunders's *Little Family*, are to be recommended for their instructive tendency. Mrs. Pilkington's *Obedience Rewarded, and Prejudice Conquered*, may be safely put in the hands of young people ; and the *New Children's Friend*, from the German, is calculated to assist the juvenile mind. Evans's *Essay on Education*, written with a view to the plan adopted in his own seminary,

feminary, for *ten pupils*, may be read with improvement. He details the progress of a pupil during a course of liberal instruction, and in each department enumerates the books which are most deserving of attention.

Thus have we noticed the principal publications which have been for several months past laid before the Public, in the departments of Literature. We might easily have swelled the list to a much greater extent; but we were fearful of fatiguing our Readers by an unnecessary degree of minuteness. The chief productions are mentioned, and our opinion respecting them has been delivered with freedom and fidelity.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

Chiefly extracted from the new edition of Dr. Aikin's Calendar of Nature.

CALENDAR OF NATURE.

FEBRUARY.

- " Now shifting gales with milder influence blow,
- " Cloud o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow;
- " The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,
- " And freed from icy bonds down rush the swelling
" streams."

1. **E**ARLIER part of this month very wintry, though the cold abates. 2. Hard weather breaks up with a thaw, attended with a south wind and rain.
3. Violent inundations pregnant with mischief. 4. Frost returns, when fresh snow falls, which is not unusual, in great quantities, the weather alternately changes.

5. Signs of returning spring, woodlarks begin to sing, rooks pair, geese lay, thrush and chaffinch sing, wood-owls hoot, partridges couple, gnats play about, insects swarm under sunny hedges, and some butterflies appear. 6. The earth being softened, moles throw up hillocks, under the largest of them are nests of moss, in which the young are deposited, they feed on worms, beetles, and roots of plants, their fore feet well adapted for swimming. 7. Many plants emerge, but few flowers appear, snow-drops indeed are peeping out of the snow :

Already now the snow-drop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of the unripen'd year ;
As Flora's breath by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower.
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.

MRS. BARBAULD:

8. Elder tree and the hazel, bud ; leaves on currant and gooseberry trees ; renovation of vegetable life commences. 9. First vital function in trees after frost is the ascent of the sap, being water imbibed by the roots, and mixed with sweet matter, which is distributed to the buds. 10. Great quantity of sap from tapping the birch. 11. Buds swell, then blossom or bear leaves. 12. This is the first process for the springing or *elongation* of trees. 13. When the ground affords no moisture or vessels incapable of imbibing it, the plant perishes. 14. There is also a second progress of the bud, throwing back the vessels into the earth on the inner bark, thus forming a new bark. By this manner is its size increased, and its age may be judged of by the number of *concentric* circles when the trunk of the tree is sawn asunder. 15. A tree therefore is rather a *congeries* of annual plants than one single perennial plant. 16. Raven begins his nest and lays eggs. 17. Remarkably attached to its nest. 18. The farmer impatient to work

in

in the fields. 19. He plows his fallows, sows beans and peas, rye, and spring wheat. 20. Wet lands are drained, hedges dressed, trees lopped; poplars, alders, and willows, and trees loving a wet soil, are planted.

A REVERIE

ON THE PASSION OF LOVE;

(Concluded from page 46.)

PERHAPS Providence never chastises the folly of men more justly, than by granting the indulgence of their requests. Upon this occasion, I observed, their wishes were accomplished, and they were relieved from a tyranny of which they so heavily complained. Upon an appointed day, the Goddess of Love took her flight to the higher regions from which she had descended; her influence was at once withdrawn, and all her enchantments were broken up. I thought nothing could equal the joy that was expressed upon this occasion. The air rung with acclamations, and every man was in haste to congratulate his neighbour on their deliverance from a thralldom, which had sunk the spirit, and degraded the dignity, of the human race. They seemed all to be lightened of a load, and to break forth with fresh vivacity and spirit. Every one imagined he was entering upon quite a new career, and that the world was laid fresh open before him.

I could not help feeling an inward delight in seeing my fellow creatures made at once so happy. At the same time I was anxious to know what would follow upon this new revolution, and particularly, whether it would answer the high expectations that were formed from it. Upon my looking around, I was a witness to appearances which filled me with melancholy and regret. A total change had taken place in the whole train of human affairs, and, I observed, to my sorrow,

the change was everywhere for the worse. It was melancholy now to enter into company ; for instead of conversation enlivened by vivacity and wit, there was nothing heard of but a drowsy humming, to the last degree, tiresome and insipid. In the social intercourse of men, the heart had no place ; pleasure and the desire of pleasing were equally unknown. Those that I had an opportunity of observing, I thought very much resembled the loungers and coxcombs of our day, who, without any view of receiving pleasure, mingle in a crowd and engage in conversation, not to enjoy time, but to kill it. I now sought in vain for those friendly meetings, at which I had often been present, where every one, desirous of adding something to the pleasure of the whole, drew forth the fairest ideas of his mind, and by the display of tender sentiments, melted the heart, and soothed the imagination. With what regret did I recollect those conversation parties, in which my heart was wont to be full, and to pour itself forth, as we talked ourselves alternately into sadness and into joy.

I had an opportunity of correcting a mistake into which I had fallen, in imagining that love reached only to courtship and marriage ; I saw that it insensibly mingles with our most trifling actions, refining our thoughts and polishing our manners, when we are least aware of it. The men had now entirely thrown aside that tenderness and gallantry which are the great ornaments of human nature, and are so peculiarly needful to temper and soften the rudeness of masculine strength. Men and women, were now placed quite upon a level, so that the harmonious softness of the female voice was drowned in turbulence and noise. The ear was filled, but the heart was left empty. Politeness was exchanged for a tame civility, wit for merriment, and serenity for dulness. I began to think more highly than ever of the fair sex, and regarded them in a new light, as a beautiful mirror lying in the fancy of a lover, for him to dress

dress his thoughts by. People were everywhere falling a prey to dejection, and complaining of the faintness of human enjoyments, as might well be expected, when the influence of love was withdrawn from them, which by inspiring romantic hopes and romantic fears, keeps the mind always in motion, and makes it run clear and bright. You may be sure, nothing could make a more ridiculous appearance than courtship, at a time when women retained their vanity after they had lost their charms. Such is the force of habit, that you might often see a pretty creature twirling her fan, and playing off her little enchanting airs before her lover, who perhaps sat all that time perfectly insensible, fingering his buttons or picking his teeth. Vanity, I perceived, was a kind of instinct in women, that made them employ the whole artillery of their charms, when they knew they could do no execution. Indeed their airs appeared so ridiculous now, in the eyes of the men, that they had often much ado to refrain from laughter. The coquettes, particularly, in their flutterings to and fro, made as odd a figure as fish who should be frozen around in the very act of swimming. Out of respect to the ladies however, I would compare them to the Grecian chiefs, who, according to the representation of the poets, carried with them so lively an impression of their former employments, that they would be marshalling their troops, and brandishing their swords, even in the shades below. However the fair sex were soon relieved from this sort of ridicule. They no longer took any pains to smooth their brow, to soften their features into a smile, or to light up the beam of brightness in their eye. Careless of offending, where they knew they could not please, they became negligent in their persons and vulgar in their air. I cannot express the regret I felt, upon beholding the fairest and most beautiful part of the creation, thus thrown into shade.

I thought I perceived that the fine arts began to languish; the paintings that made their appearance at
this

this time, were neither so boldly sketched, nor so brightly coloured, as those I was wont to survey; they were chiefly confined to still life. I observed, however, that the extinction of love affected poetry still more than painting—It no longer regaled the mind with descriptions of beauty, or softened it with tender distress. Its enchantment was entirely dissolved; that enchantment which will carry us from world to world without moving from our seat, will raise a visionary creation around us, will make us rejoice, when there is nothing to rejoice in, and tremble when there is nothing to alarm us. These interesting situations, which awaken the attention and enchain the mind in solemn suspense, till it breaks forth into agony or rapture; now no longer existed in nature, and were no longer described by the poet; he wrote rather from memory than feeling, for the breath of inspiration had ceased.

Upon this occasion, I was not at all surprised at the decline of eloquence. I have often thought love the nurse of sensibility, and that if it were not cherished by this passion, it would grow cold, and give way to a selfish indifference. My conjecture was now abundantly confirmed, for though I saw many discourses composed at this time, that were well-argued, elegant, and correct; they all wanted those essential touches that give language its power of persuading.

One thing a good deal surprized me, and that was, to observe that even the profound parts of learning, were less attended to than ever. I was well aware that few apply themselves closely to study, but with the hope of sometimes displaying their acquisitions to the public; and I had imagined fame was a sufficient recompence for any toil human nature could sustain; but I was surprized to find that in all great and noble undertakings, the desire of appearing respectable in the eyes of a beloved object, was of more consequence than the general admiration of mankind.

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consequences that flowed from the departure of love—It may be sufficient however to observe in general, that human nature was becalmed, and all its finest emotions frozen into a torpid insensibility. The situation of mankind was truly pitiable. Strangers to the delicate pleasures of the heart, every thing around them looked cheerless and barren. Calamity left them nothing to hope, and prosperity gave them nothing to enjoy.

I observed, that they were now as desirous of bringing back the agency of love as they had been before to exclude it—At length, I imagined, Jupiter was touched with compassion at their unhappy situation, and appointed a day in which love was to revisit the abodes of men. An immense number of people, of all orders and ranks, and of every age and condition, assembled themselves, as you may suppose, to behold the descent of the goddess, and to hail her approach. The heavens, I thought, glowed as she descended, and so many beautiful streaks of light glanced along the surface of the sky, that they divided it into separate tracts, brightened up every cloud within it, and turned the whole into an ærial landscape. The birds at the same time leaped among the branches, and warbling their sprightliest notes, filled the air with a confused melody of sounds, that was inexpressibly delightful. Every thing looked brighter than before, every thing smelled sweeter, and seemed to offer up fresh incense to the goddess. The face of nature was changed, and the creation seemed to grow new again. My heart glowed with delight. I rejoiced in the renovation of nature, and was revived through my inmost powers. There thrilled through me a delightful sensation of freshness and novelty, similar to what a happy spirit may be supposed to feel, when he first enters a new state of existence, and opens his eyes on immortality.

I thought I had but a very confused idea of the person of the goddess herself, for her raiment was so full of light and lustre, that I could scarcely take a steady

steady view of her. I observed, however, that her complexion was rather too glowing, and the motions of her eye too piercing and fiery, for perfect feminine beauty. Her beauty, I thought, was too raised, and had too much glory in it, to be entirely attractive. I was very much astonished to observe, that whoever she glanced her eye upon, immediately fell under the influence of the passion over which she presided. It was a very singular sight, to see a whole assembly, one after another, falling into love; and I was much entertained in observing the change it occasioned in the looks of each of them, according to their different temper and constitution: Some appeared wild and piercing, others dejected and melancholy. The features of several glowed with admiration, whilst others looked down with a timid and bashful respect. A trait of affectation was plainly to be discerned in all of them, as might well be expected from a passion the very first effect of which is to make one lose the possession of oneself. Several ladies in particular, seemingly careless and gay, were whispering to those who stood next to them and assuming airs of particular vivacity, whilst you might easily see their countenance was chequered with anxiety, lest they should chance not to please those upon whom they had fixed their affections. The greater part of the fair sex, however, I observed, smiled with an ineffable sweetness; nor could any thing appear more lovely than their features, upon which there was imprinted a tender reserve, mingled with modest complacency and desire. I imagined, that after the goddess had thoroughly surveyed the assembly, and they had seated themselves into some degree of composure, she thus addressed them:—

“Ye children of men. Ye abound in the gifts of Providence, and many are the favours heaven has bestowed upon you. The earth teems with bounty, pouring forth the necessaries of life, and the refinements of luxury. The sea refreshes you with its breezes, and
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carries you to distant shores upon its bosom ; it links nation to nation in the bonds of mutual advantage, and transfers to every climate the blessings of all. To the sun you are indebted for the splendor of the day, and the grateful return of season ; it is he who guides you as you wander through the trackless wilderness of space, lights up the beauties of nature around you, and makes her break forth into fruitfulness and joy. But know that these, though delightful, are not the pleasures of the heart. They will not heal the wounds of fortune, they will not enchant solitude, or suspend the feeling of pain. Know, that I only am mistress of the soul. To me it belongs to impart agony and rapture. Hope and despair, terror and delight, walk in my train. My power extends over time itself, as well as over all sublunary beings. It can turn ages into moments, and moments into ages. Lament not the dispensations of Providence, amongst which the bestowment of my influence is one. He who feels it may not be happy, but he who is a stranger to it must be miserable."

ON SENSIBILITY.

AN ACADEMIC EXERCISE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF DISTINGUISHED CELEBRITY IN
THE LITERARY WORLD.

(SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE VISITOR.)

LIFE (that universal fountain of beauty and happiness) in the gradual scale of nature, displays itself in different kinds and degrees of excellency. It blooms in the vegetable world in a bright display of colour, and exhibits a richness, beauty, and elegance of scenery. It breathes through animal nature a still livelier charm : it plays in the harmonious circulation, it glows in the lovely aspect of health, and shines in the human face with a kind of divinity.

These

These are its beautiful expressions in the vegetable and animal world : thus it blooms in the one, and thus it breathes in the other. In the mental world it shines with a diviner lustre still. The noblest life in all its glory, throbs, burns, and triumphs there.

Mind—mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains,
Of beauteous and sublime.

This is life in all its majesty ! *Sensibility* is the glorious life of the soul, the health of the heart, the glory of the bosom—it thrills, and circulates through the heartstrings, dilates the breast, and kindles all the liberal affections.

This feeling is possessed in various degrees, some bosoms are hard to melt, the current of their affections is frozen ; their feelings are rough and unpolished ; their taste rude and inelegant ; their pleasures gross and animal. Other souls are more civilized ; they are refined, and softened with nicer affections. But there is an higher rank than these. There is an order of more elegant souls still : souls whose heartstrings are finely spun, and nicely attuned : trembling in the delicacy of exquisite refinement, vibrating with the thrill of ethereal bliss, alive to the gentlest whisper of nature.

Nice machinery ! how fair the symmetry ! how fine the springs ! how harmonious the movement ! Illustrious minds, souls ethereal ! congenial with angels ! the nobility of intellectual order ! rich in the lustre of sumptuous feeling, graced with the polish of mental elegance, and crowned with the fair majesty of virtue.

Sensibility is the fairest growth of the human heart ; it branches out into many amiable dispositions and generous affections ; and blossoms into beautiful flowers of virtuous and elegant joy.

Sensibility inspires with gratitude. When a heart of warm sensibility receives a benefaction, in a moment the kindred affections are alive, and the grateful feeling

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ings rise instinctive. It glows with a generous flame ; it melts into tenderness and love. The swelling tide of warm affections gushes from the speaking eye, to thank the liberal hand.

The ductile feelings of a susceptible heart quickly admit the impressions which the hand of liberality makes. Gratitude is one of the most noble and amiable feelings which human nature can indulge. It is the reception of a benefit with a grace, with an air of dignity, it shines with reflected lustre. Gratitude is not eclipsed by the virtue which kindles it ; it emulates its parent virtue, and shines with a rival flame.

The hand of beneficence kindly extended to relieve, is, indeed, a very beautiful image ; it is human nature's most graceful movement, and an angel's happiest attitude ; but gratitude, bathing that hand in tears is as fair an image. The heart of gratitude is as rich, the generous impulse of her soul as strong, and her wish to confer happiness as ardent, as that of liberality can be, but her hand is poor. It is this which stings her feelings : she was going to rise but this chains her down. How does she envy the possessors of wealth ! How does she wish for a smile from fortune ! I was going to say, how does she pant to hear her benefactor groan ; and for riches, to enable her to turn that groan to a song. Friendly cruelty ! generous avarice !

The wish of beneficence is to kindle a delight in the bosom of its object ; the breathings of gratitude tell her that the flame is kindled, and bless the hand that kindled it. The accent of gratitude thrills with such ecstasy in the ear of liberality as amply repays her for the smile she has breathed into her bosom. Gratitude is the payment of the debt it owes ; it cancels the obligation, and balances the account ! this is the incense which rises in the upper world ; the harmony of heaven is the voice of gratitude.

Sensibility is a spring of pity. Pity is a gentle, lovely, virgin feeling. There is something soft, and fair, and

dovelike in it. It is the sweetness of our feelings, the delicacy of tenderness, the mildness of the breast.

Let us, for a moment, look back to Eden's happy realm! seat of innocence and love, where love was the harmony, the smile, and the rapture of the scene. This love, which happy Eden knew, this love with a tear in her eye is a picture of pity; and is she not an angel? In Eden she was ever smiling, for the happy lambs used to play at her feet: here, she is ever weeping over the bleeding lamb. And say? Does the tear she sheds fully the lustre of her beauty? Is it not an elegant charm? Is it not a comely tear? Surely, the guardian spirits that smiled on Eden would embrace their weeping daughter with a milder complacency, and love her the more for the tear in her eye.

Sensibility is the source of charity. It is sensibility that breathes the sympathetic sigh, that streams the tear of tenderness, that kindles the benevolent wish, that extends the relieving hand; blest hand! Let the hand of grandeur grasp a sceptre; let the hand of valour hurl the thunder-bolt of war; but charity's kinder hand wipes away the tear of agony, and gently binds up the broken heart. Illustrious hand! soon shalt thou lay hold on the crown of glory. Ignobler bosoms burn for riches, for honours, for crowns: ignobler bosoms burn for these meaner things; but charity's more celestial breast pants to bless the whole world if she could. Kind philanthropist! she smiles on all, and would bless all if it were in her power. She cannot do all she would. She lifts up a thankful eye, and blesses Heaven for what she can.

Charity is the fairest virtue of man; the most graceful ornament of human nature! it is the smile of our virtues; the brightest star in the constellation. It is the honey-dew of our feelings, which gently distils upon the vale of life, dresses the flowers in a finer bloom, and scents them with a richer fragrance.

Charity is a splendid pillar of human virtue, and pronounces

nounces a silent yet striking panegyric on the fallen fabric, its language is

“ The fabric once was great.”

Charity is the daughter of Heaven, and Heaven's favourite daughter too—Often she looks up to the celestial Eden, that blissful Eden she burns to reach. Blest spirit ! Expand thy wings ! soon shalt thou mount to thy native skies, where every face is a smile, and where every bosom is love.

These are one, or two, of those amiable dispositions with which sensibility adorns human nature. It is sensibility that burns in the heart of gratitude, that weeps in the eye of pity ; that smiles in the countenance of charity : and, surely, I may add, it blushes in the cheek of modesty ; throbs in the bosom of friendship ; flames in the patriot breast, and shines in the lamp of devotion.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 44.]

THE morning rose with unusual splendor for so early a period of the year ; the fog which during the preceding day, and almost the whole of the night, had thrown every thing into obscurity, was dissipated ; the sun poured his light upon the frosty scene, and rendered, almost magnificent the sparkling ice with which every object was powdered. The wind blew keen from the east ; and it was only in some particular spots that even the “ solar ray,” in its oblique bearing upon these northern regions, could melt the apparently light down which lay upon the whole landscape. The

clock had struck eight, when Mr. Howard entered the parlour, over which a cheerful fire was just beginning to diffuse its warm rays. He slipped on his great coat, and, for about a quarter of an hour, inhaled the dry morning air in a little garden which opened into the neighbouring fields, from which it was separated by a brick wall. At his return he found the children assembled round the fire, and in a little time, with her sweet morning smile, Mrs. Howard entered the room. Every face was cheerful, the mutual salutation went round, and before they partook of the refreshment which was to break their fast, the servant was summoned, and the morning tribute of pious gratitude and homage offered at the divine throne. Previous to this Mrs. Howard had informed her husband that she had visited their guests, and found both the mother and her babe in a deep repose.

This happy family now drew round the breakfast table, and cheerfully partook of the usual morning beverage of the inhabitants of this island. The tea glowed in their cups, and gratitude and benevolence warmed the hearts of this amiable pair; and while they sat, with, comparatively, limited means of accomplishing their wishes, devising "*liberal things*," the most engaging vivacity sparkled in the countenances and conversation of the younger branches of the house. Mr. Howard's breakfast was, indeed, a charming sight. Every face was cheerful, for, notwithstanding, what would, by the children of indolence, and of poor spirited, insipid imitation, be termed the *obsolete* hour of their assembling; every face had experienced the healthy and refreshing effects of a plentiful cold ablution. Edwin's fine brown hair had been carefully combed, a fresh wig put on by his father; and every article of his mother and sister's dress was perfectly neat and clean.

The situation of the distressed objects who were now under their roof, naturally, soon superceded other topics of conversation, and many conjectures were formed,

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both as to their persons, and the forlorn circumstances in which they evidently were. Mr. Howard took this opportunity of impressing the minds of his children with a sense of the goodness of Providence to *them*; and of the duty which is incumbent upon every human being to relieve *pressing* distress.—“ I do not say,” continued this good man, “ that those, who on account of incurably vicious habits, render whatever assistance may be given them of little or no use, should be supplied with every thing which their unreasonable wishes may demand—far from it; but in cases of *immediate* distress, it is the duty of all to exert themselves without asking who are the objects of their humanity—the *first* relief is due to human nature. To what extent it shall be carried must depend upon a thousand circumstances, which time and enquiry will bring to light. When, yesterday afternoon, I brought home with me those poor creatures, to whom, I hope, our little services will be rendered a lasting benefit, the case did not admit of delay; accident was fast completing what sorrow and hunger had begun, and, probably, had I not heard her cries, the suffering mother especially, would soon have been out of the reach of human aid.”

Just as this good Samaritan had uttered the last sentence which has been read; Lucy, the servant, opened the parlour-door, and informed her mistress that the poor woman in the nursery was awake, and begged to see her. Mrs. Howard instantly obeyed the summons; and leaving her husband and children in conversation, was soon by the bedside of her patient.

“ I rejoice, sincerely, my young friend,” said she, “ that your rest has been so refreshing as I perceive it has, and your dear babe, I see, is still enjoying that balmy blessing.” “ Ah, madam! how shall I ever be able to testify my sense of your goodness, but for you and your excellent husband, both I and my child had perished. Heaven will reward you, I never can!” A shower of tears, as she uttered these words, bathed the

hand of Mrs. Howard. "Do not, I intreat you, once for all, afflict your generous, feeling spirit with these agonies of gratitude—We have done as we ought, and if ever physiognomy may be trusted, there is, I think, no doubt but when your turn comes to *act*, you will do so too—at present you are to *bear*. Do it with patience and resignation, this is the only way by which, in affliction, we can honour our Maker, this is the most likely way to give efficacy to human means of recovery; and to see you, as soon as possible, restored to strength and *comfort*, will be the noblest reward I and my dear partner can have." "*Comfort*, my compassionate friend, has long been a stranger to the bosom of Maria Villars, but if ever it is to be restored, your benevolence will do it. O my Henry, where art thou now! torn from me in the dead of night, not a moment allowed for all the thousand tenderesses which such a crisis demanded, not a single explanation afforded to those enquiries which affection, terrified almost to insanity, dictated. O Henry! where art thou wandering, and when will thy fond eyes beam upon thy Maria! when wilt thou clasp in thine arms thy child whom, as yet, thou hast never seen!—Ah! perhaps, never. Long e'er this, it is probable, thou art beyond all suffering, in that abode of peace, *where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest.*"

Mrs. Villars sobbed aloud at those tender retrospects, and was relapsing into the agony of unbridled grief, when the little Maria, who lay upon her left arm, woke from a sleep of between six and seven hours, and alarmed at the sight of Mrs. Howard, and also at the sobs and tears of her mother, though she was unable to comprehend what they meant, burst into a fit of loud crying.

This was a fortunate event for the mother, her own sufferings were instantly banished from her thoughts, and all those tender feelings that were roaming in a chaos of conjecture after her lost husband, returned in a moment,

moment, and centered in one strong maternal wish to pacify a darling child. To effect this was no very difficult task, the delights of infancy are short lived; be it so; its sorrows are equally evanescent. Mrs. Villars, amidst all her distress, had a source of pleasure for which many an affluent and affectionate mother sighs in vain. She was able to give to her babe that nutriment which nature has intended for the peculiar sustenance of infancy; even her distress, though it might have lessened the quantity, and rendered the quality less nutritious, had not rendered her wholly unable to impart the grateful fluid. Maria was soon quieted by a reception of the "cordial draught;" and Mrs. Howard eager to prevent her charge from resuming a conversation which had agitated her so much, quitted the chamber, and went herself to prepare a breakfast for her.

She soon returned, for Amelia, upon her mother's going up stairs, had set about making those preparations, which she knew would speedily be wanted. Mrs. Howard herself brought in the necessary apparatus upon a small tea-board, and Amelia followed with the tea kettle, and a good plate of buttered toast. "Now, my good Mrs. Villars," said Mrs. Howard, "I hope you will do justice to our toast and butter; remember, you must eat for *two*: with your leave, Amelia shall be your nurse, I know by experience that she is a careful one. After breakfast, if it will not agitate you too much, you shall give us what you please of your history, perhaps some circumstance in the narrative may point out the way in which we can essentially serve you.—My dear Mr. Howard longs to complete his work, and to assist in restoring you to that more comfortable situation in life, which he is persuaded was once your lot." "You are extremely kind, indeed, madam, and I should be ungrateful, both to Providence and you, were I not to do my utmost to regain that hope of better times, which is the chief temporal good of the unfortunate, but which my late disasters had almost utterly banished from

from me. I think the relation of my short, but dismal story, to such auditors as you, will, instead of a burden, prove a relief to my mind. Calamity, while it shrinks, like the sensitive plant, from the gaze of mere flinty curiosity, is soothed when it can pour its sorrows into the ear of sympathizing pity." "Heaven forbid that your sorrows, amiable woman," replied Mrs. Howard, (who felt her attachment for her modest, unfortunate guest increase, the more she heard her speak) "should admit of no alleviation—I trust you are too young yet, to have nothing before you on earth but distresses."

Mrs. Howard had just said this, and a reply was vibrating on the lips of Mrs. Villars, when a tap was heard at the door. Upon its being opened, little Emma appeared, and said that Dr. Blake was below, and wished, before he went to town for the day, to inspect the wounded foot. "In a few minutes, my love," said Mrs. Howard, "tell the Doctor we shall be ready for him, we will ring the bell for information." Away tripped little Emma; and Amelia and her mother soon rendered the room fit for the reception of the gentlemen, for they had no doubt but Mr. Howard would accompany his friend, when he came up. All things being adjusted, and Maria, quiet in the arms of Amelia, the signal was given. The Doctor and Mr. Howard soon entered. His expressive countenance was lighted up with the full glow of benevolence and delight, when he saw the favourable alteration which a good night's rest had made in Mrs. Villars; nor were the traits of modest, but lively gratitude, less visible in her face, upon the sight of her first benefactor. The Doctor had his share of the mute, but pure joy, which was felt by all present, for his heart was as liberal and kind as his skill was eminent. He felt for every human pang, but where the object was a worthy one, his professional attentions were soon blended with all the warmth of friendship. His eyes sparkled with pleasure when, upon removing the bandages, he found the swelling al-

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most entirely gone, and the general appearance of the bruise, such as to indicate a very speedy recovery.—“You will want but little more of my assistance, my dear,” said he, with a tender accent; “warmth, care, and proper nourishment, will soon perfect your restoration, and these, I am sure, you will have from the hands you are now in.”

“That you may depend upon, Doctor,” said Mrs. Howard, “while under our roof Mrs. Villars shall want nothing which we can procure her.” “Villars!” said the Doctor, “I had a school-fellow of that name, who went, I think, to the East Indies; and had a son by an European lady whom he married there—there was a rumour of his death some time ago; but I have lately heard nothing of it.” “Gracious Heaven!” cried Mrs. Villars, “Your friend was surely the father of my Henry—he died at Bengal—what was the name of his son?” Replied Dr. Blake—“I know not, but I think I have heard a report that, on some account or another, he was disinherited by his father.” “Oh, sir! it was he beyond all doubt, and for *my* sake he forfeited the affection of his parent; but I intreat you not to think harshly of either of us. I am bold to say, that virtuous poverty was my only crime, and that Henry *had*, O Heaven! I hope still *has*, a heart replete with every human virtue. Sir, you must hear my simple, but sad story! and, I think, I am not now in a circle where innocence will be condemned, because the sunshine of prosperity is not gilding its form.”

“No,” said Mr. Howard, *virtuous* poverty has nothing to fear from us, appearances are not the criteria by which our opinion is directed—Mrs. Villars, tell your story. Dr. Blake is probably the very man, who of all others should hear it—I hope, my friend, you are not absolutely obliged to leave us for an hour or two.” “In such a case as this, I think, I may be excused, if I trespass a little; and especially as I have no patients at present in very critical situations.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Villars, who was now extremely anxious to give her little narrative, as soon as her friends were seated, thus began :—

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION

OF

A REGIMENT OF SKAITERS, IN NORWAY.

WE cannot easily lay before our readers a subject more interesting, and at the same time more curious, than the representation of a Norwegian corps of soldiers, called in their language *Skjelober-Corpsjet*. Even the neighbouring nations of the north have but a very imperfect idea of this military institution, which is to be found on no other spot of the globe, and of which no circumstantial account in print has hitherto appeared.

The denomination *skjelober* (skaiter) comes from *skie*, which signifies a long plank, narrow and thin, fastened upon the feet for sliding upon the snow.

It is well known, that during four or five months, Norway is covered with snow, which at a few leagues distance from the borders of the sea, is driven into such heaps, as to render it impossible for the traveller to go out of the beaten track, either on foot or horseback : it is even found necessary to clear this road after every fall of snow, which is done by means of a machine in the form of a plough, and, like the ploughshare, is pointed at the front, and growing broader all the way to the hinder part. It is drawn by horses ; pierces and levels the snow at one and the same time, and thus opens a passable road.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, hunting has at all times been the great sport and exercise of that country, formerly abounding in fierce animals, and still in

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stags and deer and most kinds of smaller game. Hunting is indeed an occupation, which appears to be in a peculiar manner prescribed to the inhabitants by the shortness of the days and the length of the winters. It is therefore natural that the Norwegian should have occupied himself from the earliest period about the means of quitting his hut, and penetrating into the forest in every direction, and with all possible speed.

The *skier*, or skais, presented these means. Let us figure in our minds two planks of wood, as broad as the hand, and nearly of the thickness of the little finger, the middle underneath being hollowed to prevent vacillation, and to facilitate the advancing in a direct line. The plank fastened under the left foot is ten feet in length; that intended for the right is only six, or thereabouts; both of them are bent upwards at the extremities, but higher before than behind. They are fastened to the feet by leather straps attached to the middle of them, and for this purpose they are formed a little higher and stronger in that part.

The plank of the right foot is generally lined below with a rein-deer's skin, or at least with the skin of the sea-wolf, so that in drawing the feet successively in right and parallel lines with skais thus lined with skins, and very slippery in the direction of the hair, the skaiter finds them nevertheless capable of resistance, by affording a kind of spring when he would support himself with one foot in a contrary direction, as by such movements he raises up the hair or bristly part of the skin.

It is affirmed, that an expert skaiter, however loose and uncompact the snow may be, will go over more ground in an open place, and will continue his rapid course for a longer time together, than the best horse can do upon the trot over the finest and best-paved road.

If a mountain is to be descended, he does it with such precipitation, that he is obliged to moderate his flight

flight to avoid losing his breath. He ascends more slowly, and with some trouble, because he is compelled to make a zig-zag course; but he arrives at the summit as soon as the best walker or foot soldier; with this advantage, that however little consistence the snow may have acquired, he can never sink into it.

Experience has proved, that in spite of the multiplied obstacles produced by the rigour of the winter, the Norwegians have often been attacked by the enemy precisely in such seasons; and from the above manner of going out to hunt, and undertake long journies, it was not at all surprising that the forming a military corps of skaiters should be thought of.

The whole body consists of two battalions, one stationed in the north, the other in the south; its strength is 960 men.

The present uniform consists of a short jacket or waistcoat, a grey furtout, with a yellow collar, grey pantaloons, and a black leather cap.

The skaiters' arms are a carbine hung in a leather belt, passing over the shoulder, a large couteau de chasse, a staff of three yards and a half long, an inch and a quarter diameter, to the end of which is affixed a pointed piece of iron. At a little distance from the extremity it is surrounded by a circular projecting piece of iron which serves principally to moderate his speed in going down hill; the skaiter then puts it between his feet, and contrives to draw it in that manner, or he drags it by his side, or uses it to help himself forward when he has occasion to ascend a hill; in short, he makes use of it according to the occasion and to the circumstances in which he may be placed: this staff besides affords a *point d'appui* to the firelock, when the skaiter wishes to discharge its contents. With such a rest the Norwegian peasant fires a gun dexterously, and very seldom misses his aim.

The corps of skaiters to this service adds that of the ordinary chasseurs, of which they may be considered as

making

making a part; they fulfil all the functions of those troops, and only differ from them by marching on skais. This gives them a considerable advantage over others. The skaiters, moving with great agility, and from the depth of the snow being out of the reach of the pursuit of cavalry as well as infantry, are enabled with impunity to harass the columns of the enemy in their march on both sides of the road, running no danger whatever themselves. Even cannon shot produces little or no effect upon skaiters spread here and there, at the distance of two or three hundred paces. Their motions are besides so quick, that at the instant when it is believed they are still to be aimed at, they have disappeared, to come in sight again when least expected.

Should the enemy be inclined to take his repose, this is the precise time for the skaiter to shew his superiority, whatever may have been the precautions taken against him. There is no moment free from the attack of troops which have no need either of roads or bye paths; crossing indifferently marshes, lakes, and rivers, provided there be but snow. When the ice at the bottom is too weak to bear a horse or man, the velocity of his motion will carry the skaiter safely over it. No corps can be more proper in winter for reconnoitering and giving accounts of the enemy, and in short for performing the functions of couriers. It may be conceived, however, that they find great difficulty in turning, on account of the length of their skais. This, however, is not the case; they make a retrograde motion with the right foot, to which the shortest plank is attached, and put it vertically against the left. They then raise the left foot, and place it parallel to the right, by which movement they have made a *half* face; if they would face about, they repeat the manœuvre.

In the ordinary winter exercise, the skaiters draw up in three ranks, at the distance of three paces between each file, and eight paces between each rank, a distance which they keep in all their movements (whenever

they do not disperse) in order that they may not be incommoded in the use of their skaits. When there is occasion to fire, the second and third ranks advance towards the first. The baggage of the skaiters (kettles, bottles, axes, &c.) is conveyed upon sledges, or carriages fixed upon skaits, and easily drawn by men, by the help of a leather strap passing from the right shoulder to the left side, like that of a carabineer.

The military author of this interesting description adds (undoubtedly with reason) that it is possible to improve on this invention, by attaching to the corps some field-pieces, which might be drawn in the same manner as the baggage.

A REMARKABLE DREAM

OF THE LATE

DR. DODDERIDGE, OF NORTHAMPTON.

As related by the late Rev. Samuel Clark, son of Dr. Clark of St. Albans, who was the Doctor's particular patron and friend.

DR. Dodderidge and my father had been conversing together one evening on the nature of the separate state, and on the probability that the scenes upon which the soul would first enter, after its leaving the body, would bear a near resemblance to those it had been conversant with while on earth, that it might, by degrees, be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world: this, and other conversation of the same kind, probably occasioned the following dream:—

The Doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London: after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left his body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though different from the body he had just quitted, was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance

distance from the city, when turning back and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, how trifling and how vain do these affairs, in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit! At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain director, yet easy and happy in the thought of the universal providence and government of God, which extend alike to all states and worlds: he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode; from whence he concluded that it could be no other than an angel, though he appeared in the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly together, till they were come within sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace: upon enquiring what it was, his guide informed him it was the place assigned for his residence at present; upon which the Doctor observed, that he remembered to have read, while on earth, "that the eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived, what God had prepared for them that love him:" whereas he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building, from others he had seen, though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening; it was, that the scenes first presented to him were contrived on purpose to bear a near resemblance to those he had been accustomed to while on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him hereafter, and which would at first have quite dazzled and overpowered him.

By this time they were come up to the mansion, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into an inner parlour; here, the first thing that struck him was a large golden cup, which stood upon a table, and on which were embossed the figure of a vine and clusters of grapes: he asked his guide the meaning of this, who

told him it was the cup in which his Saviour drank new wine with his disciples, in his kingdom; and that the figures carved thereon were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people; implying, that as the grapes derive all their beauty and flavour from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, were indebted for their establishment and happiness to their union with their head, in whom they are all complete.

While they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel it was the signal of his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview: accordingly, in a short time, he thought our Saviour entered the room, and upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a smile of inexpressible complacency assured him of his favour, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services; and as a token of his peculiar regard, and the intimate friendship with which he intended to honour him, he took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands; the Doctor would have declined at first, as too great an honour, but his Lord replied as to Peter, (in relation to washing his feet) "If thou drink not with me, thou hast no part in me." This scene, he observed, filled him with a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it. His master seemed sensible of it, and told him he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit, and in the meantime he would find enough to employ his thoughts in reflecting on what passed, and in contemplating the objects around him.

As soon as his Lord was retired, and his mind a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures, and upon examining them more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his own life: the most remarkable scenes he had passed through being thus represented in a very lively manner. It may easily be imagined how much

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this would strike and affect his mind. The many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the instances of the Divine Goodness to him in the different periods of life, which were by this means all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude, especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of any future distress, and that all the purposes of Divine love and mercy towards him, were at length so happily accomplished.

The extacy of joy and thankfulness into which these reflections threw him was so great, that he awoke; but for some considerable time after he arose, the impression continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, and he said, that he never on any occasion remembers to have felt equally strong the sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude.

DR. DARWIN,

WHO has the happy art of illustrating from the most familiar circumstances in real life the abstract theories of philosophy, gives us the following picturesque instance of the use of varying motives to prolong exertion.

A little boy, who was *tired* of walking, begged of his papa to carry him. "Here," says his father, "ride upon my gold-headed cane." The pleased child, putting it between his legs, galloped away with delight.

Alexander the Great, also, one day saw a poor man carrying upon his shoulders a heavy load of silver for the royal camp: the man tottered under his burden, and was ready to give up the point from fatigue.—"Hold on, my friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your *own* tent, for it is *yours*," said Alexander.

ESSAY ON THE ANIMAL CREATION.

WE are taught to consider the mighty ruler of the universe as perfect in all his attributes, and, of course as acting throughout the immense extent of his boundless empire upon the principles of the purest and most unfulfilled benevolence. The sacred writers assure us that his benignity is so extensive, so universal, that it listens to the impatient clamours of the young raven, and suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his permission!

It must, however, be confessed, that notwithstanding the deference which such high authority claims, there are circumstances and appearances which, from day to day, present themselves to our astonished notice, the prominent conclusion deducible from which is—That all nature is resigned at least to the blind impulse of chance, if not to the controul and government of malignant and unpitying ferocity. Look at the inferior tribes of the creation—to what hardship and oppression are they exposed! how small a proportion of their confined span glides on in the sweet enjoyment of the ease, plenty, and security to which they are entitled! Why is the patience of a noble animal subjected to the caprice of wretches, to call whom brutes would be to libel a more generous order of animals! Can we listen but with horror to the harsh discordant crashes of the unpitying whip? Can we survey, but with indignant emotion, the painful process of untimely decay, urged on by wanton cruelty, the impatience of avarice, the sharp necessities of poverty, and, finally, consummated by want, neglect, and oppression, which is continually going forward? Are *these* the footsteps of Divine Benevolence—the product of tenderness and compassion?

And if we extend our views farther, and survey the whole tenantry of the air, the earth, the seas, what do we behold but a scene which prompts the conclusion

above

above-mentioned? A few alone of the domesticated tribes crop their harmless banquet around our mansions, and feast upon the flowery carpet of the earth, while all the rest which constitute, I had almost said, infinitely the largest proportion of the whole, look only to rapine and slaughter for their daily sustenance! In the air, from the insect to the eagle, we may almost say, oppression is their pastime, and their business blood! In the deep, without an exception, the powerful prey upon the weak, and life is sustained in the one but by the annihilation of it in the other! Terror, pain, outrage, and death, seem to be the portion allotted to animated life. In fact, it may be questioned whether even the harmless tribes, whose food is the simple vegetable, can be excepted from this catalogue of murderers. Every plant and every pore swarms with inhabitants. The atmosphere with which we are enveloped, is animated by myriads which escape the keenest vision, and every morsel of food, and every inspiration which dilates the lungs, hurries them by thousands to the gulph of darkness and of death! Guiltless, indeed, are they of the blood of others, but the sum of evil abides the same. A feature runs through the whole system from which the feeling heart turns with a sigh away. In the emotions of the moment we cannot refrain from concluding that a better order of things might have been established; on that principles are ascribed to the mighty projector of the whole, to which he has no just claim or pretension.

But however unfavourable the aspect of things may appear, reasons are not wanting to confirm the apprehensions of beneficence in the Deity which we are accustomed to cherish.

If the evils which we have recited are preventive of others far greater, and consequently conducive to the general good, or if we have sufficient grounds on which to found our confidence that the sufferings of the inferior tribes, as well as of the superior orders of creatures, shall

shall eventually be compensated—We shall then have no room to censure the government which orders all things wisely and well.

The picture of outrage pervading the air, the earth, and the seas, which we have above drawn, *seems* to justify us in questioning the perfections which are ascribed to the Deity. But ere we erect ourselves into censors of the divine management, ought we not to reflect, that, when *clouds and darkness are round about him*, the difficulties which we vainly endeavour to develop owe their obscurity not to the narrow wish to conceal the operations of his hand, but to the incompetence of our powers, which cannot pursue him through his progress, nor comprehend the issue to which it tends. This might serve as a general reply to all the difficulties which occur in the conduct of Providence; but this is not all the information on this interesting subject which we enjoy. Reflection enables us to penetrate so far into the nature and tendency of things, as to find abundantly other reasons for tacitly acquiescing in the order which obtains, and for questioning whether it could have been abandoned without producing inconveniences far greater than those with which we struggle.

The various tribes of animals are daily suffering and dying, and the spoil of one individual constitutes the essential support and sustenance of another. Let us now ask ourselves, what would have been the consequence had the order of things been differently disposed? For purposes which will be hereafter fully explained, every species of animals is actuated by an ardent and irresistible desire to propagate its kind. To this desire every idea of personal safety gives way, difficulty loses its ruggedness, and danger its intimidating front. Now as the surface of the earth can possibly afford sustenance but to a definite portion of inhabitants, it is morally certain that were there not a mode appointed for removing some of them, in order to make room for others, every region would ere long find itself overpeopled, and

famine,

famine, with all its fearful accompaniments, be the inevitable consequence !

It will be said, that the impresson of this ardent desire of propagation is a misfortune which ought to have been avoided ;—true, and for the same reason the whole creation ought to have been differently modelled. The ant should have been endued with the sinews of the elephant, the elephant with the reasoning faculties of man, men should have been constituted angels, and angels divinities !

The law of nature, which appoints one animal to become the proper food and sustenance of another, though it spreads desolation far and wide, and shocks the mind when first viewed, is, therefore, in fact, a wise, a merciful dispensation. It not only defeats the objections to which it apparently gives rise ; but opens a field in which the divine beneficence is illustriously displayed. Hereby millions of conscious existences are brought forward to taste and to enjoy the boon of life, who would otherwise have remained with the clods of the valley, or been exposed without the possibility of redress to the eager and impatient clamours of sharp necessity, to the tortures of hopeless and irremediable famine. You will ask, perhaps, would not the aggregate of felicity, and consequently the benevolence of the Deity have amounted to just as much had the seal of immortality been impressed upon the first series of creatures, and the same stock of inhabitants perpetuated for the enjoyment of the divine bounty ? In the strictness of mathematical calculation it must, without a doubt, be confessed that the question is unanswerable. But it is asked in return—In which case does the amiable, the diffusive goodness of the divine nature most conspicuously exhibit itself ? In bestowing a large share of felicity upon a few individuals of a species, or in giving moderate proportions of it to the ten thousand generations which have succeeded each other ? The real measure of good bestowed abides perhaps the same ; but

but the benevolence of the distribution in the one case bears no proportion to the benevolence exhibited in the other.

Moreover, this objection rests upon the presumption that creatures constituted like those which now occupy the sublunary regions of the universe, could have subsisted in the mode now supposed. But *this* is very far from being admissible. It by no means appears that tabernacles, formed of such perishable materials as those, which enter into the composition of an animal body, could possibly have encountered the vicissitudes of seasons, borne the efforts of exertion, the casualties of life, for that immense duration thus assigned it. It is scarcely to be conceived that pain and sickness, weariness and decay, could have been long estranged to such a system. What a scene of horror opens then upon the world, by denying the possibility of a retreat out of it to the aged, the maimed, the decrepid from ten thousand causes! In this case, the universe instead of being, as it was intended, a seat of bliss, degenerates into a prison of torture! Till a capacity for eternal duration is clearly established, and bestowed upon the animal system, *this* objection must therefore fall to the ground.

Admitting it to be matter of doubt, whether the animal system, as it is now organised, be capable of a very prolonged duration, the method which Divine wisdom has adopted for removing the successive generations of creatures which from day to day come forward (viz. by constituting the one the prey of the other) breathes the same spirit of tenderness with the mandate which commanded them into life.—Alas! with what agony is the imprisoned intelligence disentangled from its clay when abandoned to the slow process of decay! Infirmary gives birth to infirmity, function is suspended after function, the taste becomes vitiated, and nutriment, which was wont to diffuse pleasure through every fainting nerve, instead of stimulating the dying faculties, rather generates a poison which corrodes every tender part, sends its venom through every vein, and palsies all the system. Awhile

Awhile we avail ourselves of the arts of medicine, awhile we struggle with the enemy which has crept into our vitals, but ere long the malady assumes a more formidable aspect. No longer is its progress to be arrested, convulsions seize upon their devoted prey, the building totters, and like the crush of a falling fabric expires in groans.—Such is the process of things, with few exceptions only, even in the abodes of civilization. Nor can the sheltering roof, the couch of indulgence, the arts of medicine avail; decay, disease, and death are irresistible. Need we then appeal how much more, how infinitely more sensibly these painful concomitants of mortality must be felt where no hospitable shelter screens the weather-beaten tenant of the waste from the almost intolerable vicissitudes of the seasons, where no friendly magazine pours forth its treasures to hush the clamours of necessity, and arrest the ravages of famine, where no pitying hand tenders the healing medicament in the hour of sickness, misfortune, and agony. Imagination knows nothing which is more pitiable, more forlorn, than the approaches of the last concluding catastrophe under circumstances such as these. From this picture of wretchedness and woe, from this consummated climax of distress, turn your reflections to the system which prevails, and at which you cavil. Instead of waiting the slow approaches of decay—instead of arriving at the portals of dissolution through the gauntlet of misery, one sudden, unforeseen, undreaded, and almost unfeeling convulsion, crushes *here* at once the golden bowl—arrests the wheel at the cistern, snaps the silver cord, and in an instant finishes the work of death. To establish which shall have the preference needs no impressive appeal. In the one case, sensibility is tortured; in the other, it is scarcely wounded. Here the dread of death pursues the wretched sufferer through every gradation of his descent into the grave; there it never glances upon the apprehension till surprise and astonishment almost render the last moment insensible to fear.

(To be continued).

PRECIOUS

PRECIOUS FRAGMENTS
OF
A MODERN ROMANCE.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me to request you to preserve the reliques of a work from utter oblivion, which, had it made its appearance in the world, would, most probably, have been very efficacious in improving the female heart, by unlocking all the sluices of sensibility; and would have taught its fair readers to guard against vice, by initiating them in its *hidden* mysteries, and displaying it in its most *lively* colours. It is the production of a young lady, who burned with inextinguishable ardor to join those benefactors to mankind, who devote their time to the polishing the manners of society, and calling forth the energies of the soul, by exciting the passions. It is almost impossible for people engaged in pursuits of a nature important to the public happiness, to attend to the minutiae of dress and behaviour, which ordinary mortals regard: such was the case with this extraordinary genius; she had nearly wound up the catastrophe of her novel, and had risen a few mornings ago with her thoughts intensely engaged upon the completion of such an important matter; need it then be wondered that, absorbed as she was in a reverie, she should slip on her stockings without observing a great hole a little above the ankle; that in hastily tucking up her hair under her morning cap, she should leave a lock hanging with a graceful negligence over her shoulder, and that she should forget to rouge one side of her face. Just as she had given the finishing touch to her production, her mother, who is what is usually called a good housewife, coming into the room, and seeing her daughter in a dishabille so inconsistent with her fastidious ideas of neatness and cleanliness,

ness, in a paroxysm of rage, which would have disgraced a Vandal, committed to the flames a work which might have immortalized the author, and done an honour to the nation; need I describe the distressing scene that followed;

Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last.

At this affecting crisis, I entered the room, and flew, with anxious haste, to snatch the precious labours of many a studious hour from the fire; but, alas! I was too late, the following fragments are all that have escaped the horrors of impending fate.

The first paragraph appears to be a part of the preface, and contains an heroic defiance to the rigid critics of the day:—

“Now ye high and mighty, let a pinch of exhorting snuff rouse you from your afternoon’s slumber; wipe your spectacles, clear the rheum from your eye-lids; ye grammatical syllable clippers; dissect every sentence with the most discriminating nicety, and examine every minute part with a microscopic eye; yet know that I *despise* your authority; it is enough for me to know that I write under the divine impulse of a lively imagination; I shall not suffer the ardour of genius to be damped by attention to rigid grammatical rules, but shall follow the footsteps of those who have aspired to fame, by overleaping the bounds of strict propriety, and have attained a greatness far beyond rule or art.”

I should have premised that the Romance is called *The Loves of Florellio and Augusta Carolina*. The following passage contains a fine specimen both of elegant and pathetic description!—

“The lucid sun had now sunk below Ocean’s watery bed, the zephyrs, with vibrations quick, flapped their silken pinions, and from them scattered wide the dewy gems of eve; while birds innumerable tuned together all their warbling throats, and joined
VOL. VI. P “their

" their dulcet strains of sweet harmonious melody;
 " but ah! alas! unknown to joy Florellio's bosom was;
 " for thrice he beat his worn-woe breast, and thrice
 " he tore his hair, and thrice he rolled him on the sea
 " shore sand, and thrice he called on Augusta Carolina.
 " Ah! cursed fate! exclaimed Florellio, that my
 " heart should be scorched with unquenchable flames
 " that can never be extinguished; for, O! dreadful
 " thought! my fair one is another's: another's did I
 " say; but how is she another's? Can a few words,
 " muttered by a priest, be an incantation, whose magic
 " power can enslave a free born soul in dull conjugal
 " chains, when the heart has long disowned its in-
 " fluence; perish such a thought! it is treason against
 " the authority of love, an insult to omnipotence; say
 " shall this bosom flutter with a thousand fond desires,
 " and be subject to the dominion of a variety of pas-
 " sions too powerful to be controuled, and will not
 " heaven regard with pity the weakness it has itself
 " implanted; will it not pardon the wanderings of a
 " heart fraught with sensibility; if, tortured with the
 " pangs of love, it seeks happiness at the expence of
 " those laws of civilized life, which the policy of the
 " priest or legislator has established; will it not view
 " with complacency, rather than anger, the heroic yet
 " susceptible female, who performs the noblest exer-
 " tion of benevolence, that of blessing an unhappy
 " lover, disregarding the cold and fastidious maxims of
 " prudence? A ray of hope now * * * * *

The following passage will make us acquainted in
 some degree with the mode of Florellio's proceed-
 ings:—

" Alas! exclaimed the astonished fair one, how
 " could you contrive to gain access into the castle of my
 " husband Baron Sternhemborgum? 'Why, enchant-
 " ing creature!' answered Florellio, 'after having
 " climbed over the wall with great difficulty, I was
 " mortified to find my progress impeded by the moat
 " which surrounds the fortification; I, however, with-

" out

“out taking time for reflection, plunged into the
“water, though encumbered with this heavy armour,
“and though a centinel was standing on the other
“side, who, as soon as he heard a noise, presented his
“piece, and asked who was there? But, mark how I
“eluded his vigilance, I dived under the water, and
“did not emerge till I arrived at the spot where he
“was standing; and while he was looking, with wist-
“ful eyes, to the place from whence the sounds pro-
“ceeded, I got out of the water, and creeping through
“between his legs, passed him without being per-
“ceived. I now arrived at the door of the great hall,
“which was full of attendants, who rose up to op-
“pose my entrance; but throwing a purse of gold
“amongst them, it produced an effect I foresaw
“would happen; in scrambling for the contents, such
“a dreadful quarrel ensued, that in a few minutes
“they were all weltering in their blood on the marble
“floor, either dead, or dreadfully wounded; and thus
“I escaped the various dangers adverse fate had
“doomed me to meet with. And now, angelically
“divine essence of mortal excellence!” exclaimed
“Florellio, breathing a sigh, warm as the volcanic
“eruption with which Vesuvius blasts the surrounding
“meadows; ‘can you longer delay to bless him who
“has suffered so much for you? Believe me, not the
“Elysium which the Heathen poets have feigned, or
“the Paradise which Christian enthusiasts dream of,
“can give the happiness a smile from you could pro-
“duce; but should you frown, yonder sun would ap-
“pear to be clothed in sackcloth and ashes, the fields
“would lose their odour, and the dulcet warblings of
“the nightingale would sound harsh as the dissonant
“screams of the owl; yes, I should wander amid the
“most exquisite beauties of nature, forlorn and de-
“solate as the poor savage over the frozen heights of
“Nova Zembla, when surrounded by the midnight
“darkness!”

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON CREDULITY.

IT is an incontestible truth, that the faculties of the human mind are easily perverted by education, or false opinions. Yet such is the (must I say) innate judgment of the soul, that we cannot but consider the credulity of some of our species with astonishment. Even those who may be ranked amongst the wisest of men have been addicted to absurdities, and all are distinguished for certain peculiarities.

It is unnecessary to launch out into metaphysical argumentation on the cause of those contrarieties which render man a curious composition. Indeed such a proceeding borders on impiety; for why question the immutable appointment of *Him* whose wisdom formed, and whose omnipotence ruled the great stupendous whole? On surveying the harmony displayed in the works of his creation, our minds are impressed with sublime ideas, and the soul expands with an awful love. Reflecting on our own nothingness when put in competition with the majestic expanse, proud imagination dies within us, and we become all humility. Frail creatures as we are! we should not, however, implicitly adopt the opinion of the multitude. Such a compliance is no less characteristic of a weak mind than it is dangerous, because infatuation is generally the mistress of popular opinions and actions. How then are we to extricate ourselves from a maze of surrounding errors? How! but by summoning up a virtuous courage, a magnanimous resolution, a calm exertion of our reason, and a firm compliance with the dictates of true religion. Where any unhappy customs prevail that endanger our virtue, and are attended with mischievous consequences, surely, in this instance, it is better to deviate from than to follow the multitude in a road that leads to immorality. There are some things in which you must dare to be singular, if you would be christians, especially in
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a degenerate age. An inward peace of conscience will counteract the enmity of the world, and overbalance the reproaches of a profligate generation.

Cicero was well acquainted with the unhappy influence of popular authority, and in his first book, *De natura Deorum*, deprecates its bad effects. Human authority, though ever so ancient, has no certain claim to truth. Was it not established for ages that all heavy bodies tend towards the centre of the earth? But Sir Isaac Newton has shewn that the earth and all the planets tend towards the centre of the sun, and thus the authority of three thousand years or more, is actually refuted and abandoned!

Though it be necessary to guard against the prejudices derived from authority, yet there are cases where the sentiments of others must determine the judgments, and practice of mankind. Parents, matters of fact, and the authority of the Supreme Being, come within this class. We, who are now acting our several parts in the busy scenes of life, are hastening off the stage apace; it is therefore our duty not only to prepare ourselves for immortality, but likewise to secure wisdom, goodness, and religion, to the rising generation! Our solicitude for the propagation of virtue and happiness, cannot be better shewn than in educating our children in their tender years, that it may ultimately establish them in virtue and piety. A good education guards children against evil influences, and unhappy impressions from persons and things. When they are unfortunately terrified by dismal stories of witches and ghosts, it fixes in them a rooted fear, which enervates their souls; in short it lays the foundation of frightful fancies, and generates a distracted melancholy. Our Creator hath made us reasonable beings, capable of learning a vast variety of subjects; yet the soul comes into the world unfurnished with knowledge. The other powers of our nature, such as the will, the senses, and the various affections with the understanding, would be instruments of mad-

P 3

ness,

ness, and run into a thousand pernicious errors, if we had not the happiness of being properly instructed.—Hence the importance of training up children in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not depart from it.

When we take a survey of the history and religion of mankind, we discover such a chaos of contradictory absurdities, as must convince us of the dangerous effects of *credulity*, which is the mother of superstition, and the nurse of falsehood. Happily! we live under a government enlightened by the best of religions, and where we may freely exercise our understanding, which is the glory of our natures.

J. C.

ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

“ Could feel o’er Afric’s race, when Avarice spread
 “ Her bloody wing and shook in scorn the chain;
 “ While Justice hand in hand by Mercy led,
 “ To *Christian* senates cried, and cried in vain!”

ELEGY ON MASON.

BEING in company some time since with a person who had visited Africa and the West-Indies, I enquired particularly into the nature of treating and managing the negro traffic, which I learnt from him to be briefly thus:—Various expedients were used to get the wretched negroes on board our ships, which, thus loaded, proceeded to the Western Isles, where their servitude commenced, and their fate was determined. Upon arriving on these coasts they are exposed to sale in as public a manner, and without any more regard to common decency and justice, than our horses are in England. They are obliged to run and put themselves into various postures, that their purchasers may ascertain the *quantum* of health, strength, and agility they possess. Many fall into the hands of barbarous masters who

who beat, and, in other particulars, use them cruelly ; some, however, get into better situations, but their condition, though stiled by the interested supporters of this base traffic *comfortable*, cannot impartially be said to deserve the name. Torn from the pleasures of their country, deprived of the comfort of their family, reduced from liberty to the most abject slavery, can their condition be happy ? I leave impartiality to judge.—What is plenty, or the greatest luxuriance of fare, without liberty and domestic comfort ? To suppose them on account of their ignorant simplicity destitute of partaking in domestic felicity, is at once to denounce them insensible ; but their sagacity and faithfulness, when well treated, are contradictions sufficiently flat for such presumptions. Though smiles, which may appear at intervals upon their cheeks must be feigned, their hearts must be heavy and overwhelmed with grief.

But supposing, for sake of argument, my idea on the above head to be strained, I would ask, What right have we to make these people our slaves ? Why should we suppose them *inferior to ourselves*, because owing to the *different temperament* of their climate they are *darker in complexion*, and not so *bright in ingenuity* ?

This *idea of inferiority* must necessarily *vanish*, if we are fully persuaded that we sprung from one common original, and this truth both religion and discovery fully confirm. If any are weak enough to suppose that the condition of these people can be bettered by their changing their natural for an artificial situation—They should remember that it should entirely arise from their own choice, and no force should ever be used ; the instant compulsion is adopted, all arguments of the condition being ameliorated must fall to the ground.

But whatever professions the supporters of this traffic may make towards christianity, it is evidently my opinion, that their title to future felicity is very imperfect. Our blessed Saviour called unto him some little children, and expressly declared, that the regard of
their

their followers to him would be shown in their proportionate regard to these children. Now there appears to me a striking similitude between the children mentioned by our Lord and the negroes before us. What are they but children to us in the affairs of religion?—Instead, therefore, of maltreating them, we should, if we were not neuter and never to do them good, instead of lessening their comforts here, strive to show them the avenues to better felicity hereafter.

The question for the abolition of the Slave Trade has been agitated in the British senate with dignity by a few friends to humanity and justice, and perhaps amongst all the eloquence of language and success of exertion which have attended his schemes, the Chancellor of the Exchequer never shone brighter than when he was in the minority, when the motion for abolition was made, and contrary to christianity's ideas, was lost. There are many, I am aware, who may never see what I have now been writing; there are others too callous to attend to it, they view with a jaundiced eye, gold is the only object worthy of attention, and in the pursuit of it they sacrifice the best interests of humanity.

But I would hope they may tend to confirm the wavering, that they may *no longer halt between two opinions*, but may be concerned to show themselves the friends of suffering wretchedness. May all those whose worldly interest urges them to support this traffic, but whose consciences, at times, shows them the errors of their ways, give heed to its dictates, knowing it is far better for them to follow its instruction (in spite of worldly emoluments) here, than be condemned by it hereafter.

THE NEGRO'S FRIEND.

OF THE ASS.

(From the French of Buffon).

THE ass is an ass, and not a degenerated horse; a horse with a naked tail; he is not outlandish, nor an intruder, nor of spurious origin; he has, like all other animals, his family, his species, and his rank, his blood is pure, and though his family distinction is less illustrious, it is altogether as good, and as ancient as that of the horse. Why then so much contempt for an animal, so good, so patient, so sober, and so serviceable? Would men despise, even among the brutes, such as serve them with too much fidelity, and too cheaply? The horse receives an education, is taken care of, is instructed, we give him exercise; whilst the ass, abandoned to the rough treatment of the meanest of servants, or to the unluckiness of children, far from gaining, can only lose by his education; and, if he had not a great store of good qualities, would certainly hate them by the manner in which he is treated; he is the sport, the butt, and the scoff of the peasantry, who lead him with a stick in their hand, beat, overload, and maltreat him without consideration, without mercy.

They do not reflect that the ass, both of himself (if there were no horse in the world) and with regard to us, would be the first and most distinguished of animals; but instead of being the first he is the second, and, for that reason *only*, seems of no consideration. It is the comparison that degrades him. He is regarded and judged of, not absolutely, but by the relation he bears to the horse; it is forgotten that he is an ass, who has all the good qualities of his nature, all the endowments peculiar to his species; and nothing is thought of but the figure and qualities of the horse, of which the ass is destitute and ought not to be possessed.

In disposition, he is as humble, meek, and patient, as the horse is spirited, fiery, and impetuous; he suffers with firmness, and endures with fortitude, chastisement,

riſement, and blows : he is moderate both in the quality and the quantity of his food ; he is very nice with regard to water, he will not drink but of the cleareſt, and in ſtreams that he is acquainted with ; he drinks as moderately as he eats. As he is never curried, he frequently rolls upon the graſs, upon thiftles and fern, and by this ſeems to reproach his maſter with the little care that is taken of him ; for he never plunges like the horſe into mire and water, he is even afraid of wetting his feet, and turns aſide to avoid the dirt ; he has alſo a drier and cleaner leg than the horſe. He is capable of education, and ſome have been ſufficiently well taught to be exhibited for a ſhew.

Kenſington.

E.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

JAN. **A** New Pantomime, called *The Magic Oak* ;
 29. **A** or, *Harlequin Wood-Cutter*, was preſented, which, on various accounts, ensured a conſiderable degree of popularity. The converſion of a teleſcope into a cannon, of a tulip into a little fairy, and of a pigeon-houſe into Britannia, ſurrounded with medallions of her great modern naval heroes, diſplays great ingenuity, and made a ſuitable impreſſion on the audience. The ſcene of the riſing ſun, in the beginning of the firſt act, had a pleaſing and picturesque effect, though there was a coarſeneſs in the representation. In the exhibition of the boats, of the double colonnade, and of the dance in the laſt act, we traced an humble imitation of *Feudal Times*. Young BOLOGNA and Mrs. WYBROW appeared to advantage in the characters of Harlequin and Columbine. The alluſion to the preſent temper of the times, by turning peaſants into ſoldiers, from the apprehenſion of invaſion, does credit to the wand of Harlequin.

quin. The propriety of an *awkward squad of females*, is questionable, though the active part which the fair sex have taken in military exhibitions may justify the representation. The second exhibition of this piece was given out with approbation.

FEB. 8. The fashionable amusement of ORATORIOS commenced at this theatre for the season (during Lent) under flattering auspices, with a *Grand Selection of Sacred Music*, from the works of HANDEL. The judicious taste of the compiler, Mr. ASHLEY, and the vocal performance of the several performers, we particularly admired. The fine voice of Madame MARA appeared to advantage, Mr. INCLEDON, Mr. SALE, and Mr. BARTLEMON also were happy in their respective stations. Nor must we omit to mention that *two* new candidates presented themselves for attention. The one, Mrs. ATKINS, who has already made a progress in the public esteem, sang *O magnify the Lord*, with exquisite taste and discernment; the other, Miss CAPPER, displayed a modest diffidence which heightened the merits of which she was possessed. Her execution was marked by scientific taste, and her tones vibrated with uncommon sweetness.

Master ELLIOTT, in the extract from DRYDEN'S famous Ode commencing with *Softly sweet in Lydian measures*, attuned every sympathetic breast to harmony. He was accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. C. ASHLEY, and their united efforts were crowned with deserved applause.

The audience was by no means small, indeed making allowance for the rigour of the season, the numbers present might be contemplated by the performers with great satisfaction.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Concert given here for the benefit of the NEW MUSICAL FUND, on Thursday, Feb. 9, was well attended. The performers, both vocal and instrumental, in point of number and talent, were never exceeded on any former occasion. In the course of the evening, a Concerto on the Grand Piano Forte was played by Master FIELD, a pupil of CLEMENTI's. This young gentleman, though only *fifteen* years of age, has been esteemed by the best judges one of the finest performers in the kingdom, and his astonishing display of ability on this occasion proved how justly he was entitled to the distinction. The Concerto was, we understand, wholly of his own composition, and one more calculated to display rapidity of execution, attended with characteristic musical expression, we never heard. CLEMENTI might be proud to exclaim with QUIN on our monarch's first display of English reading: "I taught the boy to play." The chorusses were complete and well executed. Among other novelties, was a grand military symphony of HAYDN's, equal to the finest productions of that celebrated master. The whole was concluded with HANDEL's *Hallelujah Chorus*, which was heartily encored.

DRURY-LANE.

FEB. 20. Nothing particular has occurred at this Theatre during the course of the present month. The new comedy, called *The Secret*, which was to have appeared on Saturday the 16th, was deferred on account of the indisposition of Mr. BANNISTER, jun. In our next Number, however, we hope that we shall have it in our power to give an account of it to our Readers.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1799.

ON YOUTH.

(From Mrs. Moody's Poems.)

BLITHSOME goddess! sprightly youth!
Source of innocence and truth,
Fairest virtues form thy train,
Choicest blessings crown thy reign;
As thy opening charms advance,
See them all around thee dance;
See them all around thee bow,
Weaving garlands for thy brow.
Health presents her ruddy face,
Vigour offers active grace;
Mirth bestows her harmless wiles,
Sportive frolics, cheerful smiles,
Beauty from thy genuine springs
In thy lap her treasure flings;
These combine to deck thy mien,
And on thy placid front are seen.

Nature brings her purest fires,
Love that glows with chaste desires,
Friendship, undebas'd by art,
Candour's unsuspicious heart,
Valour's generous ardent flame,
Burning with the thirst of fame;
These in simple colours drest,
Grace the mirror of thy breast.

Genius gives the tuneful quire,
 Thine the harp, and thine the lyre,
 Thine the poet's glowing themes,
 Thine are fancy's brightest dreams,
 Thine are music's softest powers,
 Thine are life's harmonious hours,
 Thine the jocund spirits gay,
 Dancing funs that round thee play,
 Hope that every wish supplies,
 Thoughtless ease that care defies,
 Virtue's pleasures, half divine,
 These, enchanting youth, are thine!

ODE ON THE TRAGIC MUSE.

IN fair Elysium's tranquil bow'rs,
 Where, link'd with joy, the smiling hours
 E'er dance in an ecstatic round,
 The muses meeting, love to sound
 Their sweetest, their sublimest strains,
 While, gliding o'er th' ethereal plains,
 The shadowy forms that round them meet
 Enraptur'd, own their bliss complete.
 But chief the nymph whose magic lyre
 To sadness melts, or sets on fire
 The kindling energies of soul,
 As loud as deep her thunders roll,
 Within a dark embow'ring shade
 Which wanton zephyrs ne'er invade,
 Or wand'ring o'er the craggy steeps
 Where horror thron'd his empire keeps,
 When sadly wild she pours her lay,
 The gloomy passions own her sway.

Fast by a murmur'ing stream with tearful eyes
 Compassion oft her softn'ing influence owns;
 As wrapt in grief on willow'd banks she lies,
 Each sorrowing strain she answers with her moans,
 And as some cadence taught by woes
 More deep, with sad'ning swell floats on the trem'ulous air,
 With frequent sighs the pallid fair
 On the pellucid waves bestows

A downcast, vacant, and unconscious look:
 And oft a falling tear deforms the glassy brook.
 But ah! what sounds of desp'rate madness
 Thrilling pierce the soul with anguish?
 In dying falls anon they languish,
 Melting all the soul to sadness.
 She sings the pangs of guileful love,
 The tort'ring cares her vot'rys prove,
 Who view with ecstasy the fair
 When hope presents her airy crown;
 Soon wrapt in clouds of deep despair,
 They shrink appal'd from beauty's frown.

In myrtle groves, where with malignant art
 Love frames his bow, or his sharp-piercing dart
 Is oft in honey'd poison steeping,
 The soul subduing strain he hears;
 Awhile he drops relenting tears
 O'er all the mischief he has done;
 His arms 'mid violet beds are thrown;
 Then guileless as the cherub he appears,
 That o'er the monumental stone is weeping.

If wrath sublime the muse inspire,
 With furious crash she sweeps the lyre;
 While pow'rs celestial wond'ring hear,
 Strains loud and dreadful pierce the ear.
 Where Lethe rolls her black oblivious waves,
 Anger his weary'd rage would fain repose
 On poppy'd banks, best ev'n in dreams he raves;
 Till wilder as each movement grows,
 He, from unquiet slumbers starting,
 Then fumes with maniac fury unconfin'd;
 Sounds so congenial to his mind
 More vengeful and ensanguin'd thoughts imparting.

No art can now her numbers guide;
 As to the ear they gently glide
 More faint than echo's softest breath,
 They seem the expiring sighs of death,

Anon, her trembling fingers fly,
 Like lightnings rapid o'er the strings,
 Which the heav'nly champaign fill
 With horrid strains, more harsh and shrill
 Than the sad portentuous cry
 Of deathful fate, when rav'ning war
 Relentless drives his burning car,
 And in his train wide spreading ruin brings!

Such direful notes at length invade
 Th' imperious sad Tartarian shade,
 Where flames sulphureous livid gleam,
 And terror reigns the pow'r supreme;
 He starts appal'd, while o'er his gorgon form
 Unknown disorders all their influence spread;
 He, trembling, rears his serpent-crested head,
 And wonders what expressive pow'r
 His reign can share where clouds forever lour,
 And thunders roar in one eternal storm:
 Like him arouse the shadowy forms of hell
 Who dim on Styx's banks appear,
 And, as each thrilling note they hear,
 Emit a faint responsive yell.

Such is, O muse! the forceful art
 With which thou rul'st the feeling heart.
 When pity drops her dewy tear
 O'er virtue's sad untimely bier;
 Or when the energy of thought
 Is to sublimest madness wrought,
 And, rapt in thy transporting flame,
 We rise beyond each selfish aim.
 Such is the pow'r we once did own,
 When great Eliza fill'd the throne;
 And thine own Shakespeare erst did ride*
 On passion's whirlwind, and could guide
 The gustful storms that dreadful roll
 Athwart the terror-stricken soul,

* Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

ADDISON.

O nymph! in this degen'rate age,
If yet thy lyre can more engage,
Again may thy majestic strains
Sound solemn o'er Britannia's plains,
Till ev'ry breast, by thee inspir'd,
With virtue's sacred love is fir'd.

J. J. PEAT.

TO S. C. S——.

TO gain the victor's envied name,
The hero braves his country's foes;
To stand enroll'd with sons of fame,
Amid ten thousand deaths he goes.

Ideal beauties catch our gaze,
And real yields to fancied good;
A phantom bids the cottage blaze,
A phantom dyes the fields with blood!

But years with temples silver'd o'er,
And mind matur'd, at length arise,
And fancied blifs can charm no more,
The bubble bursts, the vision dies!

Ah! what avails the conqueror's crown,
The trophy and the sculptur'd stone;
Can laurel wreaths, can wide renown,
The tranquil joys of life atone?

What tho' rever'd my name descends,
And millions glory in my deed;
One smile of love the whole transcends,
One fond embrace outstrips the meed.

Go then, ye restless sons of blood,
Where guilty glory leads the way!
Go tinge with gore the limpid flood,
And join the battle's horrid fray!

Be yours to tread the hostile shore,
 Where war, disease, and death combine;
 Be yours the thunder's mimic roar,
 The bosom of my S—— be MINE.

W. H.

HENRY AND CHARLOTTE.

A TALE.

NEAR pleasant Medway's winding stream,
 Two lovers liv'd sincere;
 Fair Charlotte was the youth's fond theme,
 And he, to her was dear.

Full many a month they felt the joy
 That mutual love imparts;
 No gloomy cares did them annoy,
 No sorrow pierc'd their hearts.

Oft in the twilight grove they stray'd,
 Or rang'd th' enamell'd field,
 And in the vale with flow'rs array'd,
 Their tender love reveal'd.

And when the moon in eastern sky,
 Rode in his silv'ry car,
 Young Henry would to Charlotte fly,
 And wander with her far.

And oft their bosoms felt delight,
 As rambling o'er the plain,
 Whene'er the minstrel of the night
 Pour'd forth her soothing strain.

Too soon each happy moment flew,
 When with each other blest;
 And sigh'd, whene'er they bid adieu,
 With trembling dread oppress'd.

For ah! no joys long unally'd.
 With sorrow, and with care,
 For busy envy rumour'd wide
 The fondness of the pair.

Enrag'd, her father ask'd the maid,

“ Or true, or false the tale,

“ That Henry has your bosom sway'd ?

“ Mean peasant of the vale !”

He paus'd, and waited her reply,

The trembling maid reply'd :—

Whilst precious tears bedew'd each eye,

Her heaving bosom sigh'd.

“ I scorn, my father dear, disguise,

“ No falsehood e'er I knew ;

“ Young Henry's form has pleas'd my eyes,

“ His *mind* I value too.

“ For there fair virtue sov'reign reigns,

“ And mildness rules his breast,

“ Wealth, honours, fame, his soul disdains,

“ With love, true love impress'd.

“ Oh smile, my honour'd, much-lov'd fire !

“ Smile on your only child !

“ Let not her conduct urge thy ire—

“ 'Twas only love beguil'd.”

“ Hold, hold thy peace,” he sternly said,

“ My ears offend no more,

“ You ne'er with my consent shall wed

“ With any man that's poor.

“ Your tender limbs could ne'er sustain

“ The weight of worldly care—

“ Exalted station you must gain,

“ It banishes despair.”

“ Ah ! no, my father,” she reply'd,

“ The great in secret grieve ;

“ Nor can the pageantry of pride

“ The hours of woe relieve.”

“ Weak girl ! he sternly said, “ no more !

“ Repress those childish fears ;

“ And cease your lover to deplore,

“ And wipe away those tears.

" No more shall his soft tales beguile,
 " Your easy yielding mind ;
 " No more on him shall you e'er smile,
 " Nor access to him find."

Oh ! who can paint the anguish keen,
 That wrung her tender breast ?
 Or who pourtray the languid mien,
 Of luckless love distress'd !

Forbid to view the manly face,
 That charm'd her gazing eyes,
 To hear him talk with native grace,
 Or listen to his sighs.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CARACTACUS.*

FORTUNE, capricious fair, who erst had smil'd
 Benignant on Caractacus, forsook
 His noble cause, and fate supreme ordain'd,
 That Rome's imperial eagle now should soar
 Triumphant o'er Siluria's hardy sons.
 Yea was the conflict fierce; along the heights
 Of Caer-caradoc the neigh of steeds,
 The jarring clash of shields, the frequent whiz
 Of death-fraught javelins, and the piercing groans
 Of souls departing, swelling in the blast,
 Echoed in direful symphony, ere Sol,
 Fountain of light, in peerless majesty
 Rose o'er the mountains, till his westerling beams
 Sunk in the blushing waves, and night's dun shades
 O'er canopied the earth. The banks of Teme,
 Strew'd with pale corse, reek'd with crimson gore;
 Yes, many a warrior, whose aspiring soul
 Disdain'd subjection to a Roman yoke,
 There breath'd his last; there, there alas! the flower
 Of Albion's hosts (blush curst ambition ! blush,

* The famous British Chief, who fought bravely, but unsuccessfully, against the Roman invaders.

These are thy vaunted trophies, glories these
Of thy fell reign !) were numbered with the dead,
To fill the measure of the Briton's woes,
Their godlike leader, in whose princely veins
Flow'd the rich blood of great Cunobeline,
His wife, his daughter, brother, all became
Ill-fated prisoners to th' invading foe.

In haughty triumph the victorious host
Enter'd the gates of Rome; the heralds blew
Their spirit-rousing clarions; British troops
(Companions in their sovereign's hapless fate !)
Intrepid follow'd; the Silurian queen,
And royal captives with their presence swell'd
The Emperor's honours; last the mailed chief
In clanking fetters proudly stalk'd along.
As an hoar oak, the monarch of the wood,
Whose trunk hath e'en a century stood unmov'd
Amid each elemental tempest, waves
Its moss-clad branches o'er the subject trees;
So tower'd Caractacus above his foes,
And frown'd defiance: on his batter'd helm
Sat crested Fame; he look'd another Mars
In adamantine panoply; on him,
Whose blazon'd name e'en infants oft had heard,
Each Roman gaz'd, with awe-struck rapture each
Admir'd the godlike firmness of their foe.
Prætorian cohorts clos'd the train, whose spears
All beauteous glitter'd in the noontide ray.

With stately mien Caractacus approach'd
The Emperor's presence; on a sumptuous throne
Great Claudius sat, his brows engarlanded
With verdant laurel leaves; adown his back
A purple toga flow'd in ample folds.
Joy sparkled in his eyes, whilst he beheld
The noblest spoil a Roman e'er obtain'd.
The British prince the solemn silence broke,
And thus began:—"O Claudius! here thou view'st
" In abject chains Siluria's ill-farr'd king!
" Siluria's buckler! O the glorious name!
" Yes, Claudius, I have been what thou art now,
" Supreme in bliss; like thee I late possess'd

“ Wealth and domains (though ample not as thine,
“ Ample enough for me) nay, more, possess’d
“ A grateful people’s love, whose patriot breasts
“ Were my strong bulwark, and whose hearts my throne,
“ Thus cheerly glided on in calm content
“ My happy days, and I, although a king,
“ Felt not a monarch’s cares, no wrongs sustain’d,
“ Save petty feuds scarce risen ere forgot;
“ Till Claudius, thou unjustly didst invade
“ My legal realms; then valour nerv’d my arm,
“ I felt myself a Briton, I resolv’d
“ To sell my birth-right dearly: sweet it is
“ To die upon the field in such a cause.—
“ Ah! to what further acts will that dire lust
“ Of empire fire thy mind? Dost thou not rule
“ Innumerable fruitful realms? What wouldst thou more?
“ Have not Hispania, and the barrier rocks
“ Of Gallia, far resounded with thine arms?
“ Do not all Grecia, Scythia farthest north,
“ And Eastern regions tribute pay to thee?
“ Do not for thee Panchaia odors bloom?
“ Do not thine absolute domains extend
“ E’en to Numidian wilds? What wouldst thou more?
“ Say, dost thou envy us our sea-girt isle,
“ Our little spot of earth? And thinkest thou,
“ That whilst thy subjects drive away our kine,
“ Insult the name of chastity, and waste
“ With flames our cities, I will tamely bear
“ Their grievous outrages? No, Claudius! no—
“ By my great gods, and by the sacred shades
“ Of my departed ancestors, I swear,
“ Ne’er shall my trusty falchion, which hath hurl’d
“ Full many a Roman to the realms of death,
“ Lie useless in its sheath, whilst there remains
“ In Albion one who dares dispute my rights.—
“ Conscious am I, O Claudius! that my life
“ Is in thine hands, and must be forfeited,
“ If thou commandest; but let mercy reign
“ Within thy bosom, she will bid thee spare
“ A vanquish’d foe, who fought in just defence
“ Of liberty, more precious far than life.”

He ceas'd, and Claudius rising from his throne,
 Thus briefly answered:—"Nobly hast thou spoke,
 "Caractacus! I see no coward heart
 "Throbs in thy breast; an hero, such as thou,
 "Deserves a better fate.—Though now I hold
 "The reins of empire, yet a mystic veil
 "Hangs o'er my future destiny: time may come,
 "The mercy now so amply due to thee
 "Myself may crave.—Unloose his fetters, guards!
 "Henceforth, Caractacus! thou and thine be FREE."
 Scarcely had he ended, ere the senate walls
 Rang with the plaudits of the listening crowd.

Lynn, Dec. 1798.

W. CASE, JUN.

IRREGULAR LINES,

ADDRESSED BY A FRIEND TO MR. AND MRS. B—.

JOY to my friends, and may each circling year
 That silent wheels its ever-varying course, still
 Find them happy!—Long may health, blooming
 As the blush of morn, sweet as the summer
 Gales that softly sigh through Damer's awe-
 Inspiring groves*, or playful sport amid
 The flow'ry meads that wash, Oh Thames! thy
 Long fam'd vernal banks, smile on their
 Blest retreat! Hail, happy pair! 'tis yours to taste
 With minds attun'd to harmony and love, the pure
 Delights of rural life. Ease, leisure, competence, content
 Smile on the tranquil scene, while round the blazing
 Hearth the Muses and the Graces gaily sport,
 Sweet unison! that blunts the thorns of life, and
 Adds fresh fragrance to its fairest flowers.

While Nature's ample volume
 Open lies, and bids the philosophic mind explore
 Her hidden charms, and Contemplation from her
 Musing seat slow waves her ebon wand, inviting
 Your approach; then with majestic mien, and eye
 Upraised, she cries, with sounds soft as the

* Mrs. Damer's seat at Strawberry-hill, late Lord Orford's.

Dulcet notes of Philomela, when sweetly pouring
 Her melodious song upon the ear of some
 Benighted weary traveller, who, silent and
 Amaz'd suspended stands, astonished at that
 Power which steals him from his cares, and in
 Their place inspires an holy awe, a sacred
 Calm, which bids him trust on him who
 Cares for all; "Ah! come," she cries, "and in this silent
 hour

Let us from yonder eminence, high rais'd by
 Scientific hands, explore the beauties of yon vaulted
 Arch, that bounteous sheds luxuriant light upon
 Our humble sphere—if humble *that* can be
 Which heaven's great architect in wisdom fram'd
 And in creation's early morn, when all was
 Innocence, pronounced good." Methink I see
 The silent tear of chaste delight, that either eye turns
 On its other self, as both sustained by faith,
 Pursue the path that opens to the temple of the
 Skies. Oh! in such moments of celestial musing, how
 The soul, freed from earth, sickens at sublunary things;
 Life's puerile cares, its transient joys forgotten;
 Creation pours her wonders on the eye, and the
 Mind freely wings her instantaneous flight
 Along the ethereal way—from thence beholds in
 Ev'ry star a shining orb, in every orb a portion
 Of that love that warms, sustains, and form'd
 The mighty whole!

Rest here, my trembling
 Muse, nor further urge the advent'rous theme.
 Thou can'st not plume thy wing to reach those
 Heights sublime that erst inspir'd a Milton's
 Sacred verse. Let us descend to *SIDBURY'S*
 Pleasant vale, and ardent pray that its inhabitants
 May long be spared to charm admiring friends,
 To train the minds of helpless infancy with fond
 Solitude in virtue's ways, to guide the inexperienced
 Feet of youth—to soothe the sick at heart—
 To drop the willing offering in the widow's purse—
 To wipe the orphan's tears—and, comfort *me*.

Isleworth, Jan. 9, 1799.

A. K.

Literary Review.

Letters written during a short Residence in Spain and Portugal, by Robert Southey. 2d edit. Longman.

THE prose and poetry of Mr. Southey will always be read with pleasure by readers of taste and discernment. Shrewdness of observation, and vivacity of expression, are his principal excellencies, and will ensure him very general approbation. That this author is endowed with a large portion of genius is evinced by his former publications, and his *Joan of Arc* alone, will convey his name with *eclat* to posterity.

These letters convey a good idea of the countries through which Mr. Southey passed; but are chiefly valuable for their lively exposure of superstition. To this end a variety of anecdotes are introduced, which shew, in a convincing manner, that when reason is abandoned in the affairs of religion, man becomes degraded in the scale of being. The light that is in him is extinguished, and he wanders amid the shades of darkness, tortured by the most absurd and cruel apprehensions.

The sketch of LISBON, the capital of Portugal, and of its superstitions, will afford entertainment.

“ If you walk the streets of Lisbon by night, it is not only necessary to know the way, but to be well acquainted with all the windings of the little channel that runs between the shoals and mud banks. There are no public lamps lighted, except before the image of a saint; and if you have a flambeau carried before you, you are sometimes pelted by persons

VOL. VI.

R

who

who do not wish to be seen. I know an Englishman who has been thus obliged to extinguish his light.

"There are lamps however, but they are never lighted; and I mention them to remark two peculiarities, which it would be well to adopt in England. They are made square, or with six sides, so that the expence of mending them is comparatively little; and instead of the dangerous and inconvenient method of lighting them by means of a ladder, the lamp is let down. One of the English residents found the lamp at his door so frequently broken, that at last he placed a faint behind it; the remedy was efficacious, and it has remained safely from that time under the same protection. It is pleasant to meet with one of these *enlightened* personages, for they are indeed lights shining in darkness.

"But the streets of Lisbon are infested by another nuisance more intolerable than the nightly darkness, or their eternal dirt; the beggars. I never saw so horrible a number of wretches made monstrous by nature, or still more monstrous by the dreadful diseases that their own vices have contracted. You cannot pass a street without being sickened by some huge tumour, some misshapen member, or uncovered wound, carefully exposed to the public eye. These people should not be suffered to mangle the feelings and insult the decency of the passenger: if they will not accept the relief of the hospital, they should be compelled to endure the restraint of the prison. Perhaps you may think I express myself too harshly against these miserable beings: if I were to describe some of the disgusting objects that they force upon observation, you would agree with me in the censure. I do not extend it to the multitude of beggars who weary you at every corner with supplications for the love of God and the Virgin; these wretches, so many and so miserable, do indeed occasion harsh and ungentle feelings, not against them, but against that depraved society that disinherits of happiness half the civilized world.

"This city is supplied only from hand to mouth; in bad weather, when the boats cannot pass from Alentejo, the markets are destitute; a few days ago there was no fuel to be procured. The provisions here are in general good, and of late years they have introduced the culture of several English vegetables. It is not twenty years since a cauliflower was a
usual

usual present from England, and the person who received it made a feast; it is now one of the best productions of the Portuguese garden. The potatoe does not succeed here. Mutton is the worst meat they have; a leg of mutton is a very agreeable present from Falmouth, but the other passengers generally conspire against it, summon a court-martial on false suspicions, and produce the accused, whose appearance secures a sentence of condemnation.

"Every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of man, multiplies in the heat and dirt of Lisbon. From the worst and most offensive of these, cleanliness may preserve the English resident. The muskitoe is a more formidable enemy; if you read at night in summer, it is necessary to wear boots. The scolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and snakes are frequently seen in the bed-chamber. I know a lady who after searching a long time for one that had been discovered in her apartment, found the reptile wreathed round the serpentine fluting of the bed-post.

"Lisbon is likewise infested by a very small species of red ant that swarm over every thing sweet; the Portuguese remedy is to send for a priest and exorcise them. The superstition of this people in an age of incredulity is astonishing; about sixteen years ago one of the royal musicians here died in the odour of sanctity; though if the body of this dead gentleman did emit a delightful fragrance, it is more than any of his living countrymen do. There was some idea of canonizing this man, but the age of canonization is over; however a regiment of soldiers, about to embark for Brazil, visited the corpse, and stroked the feet of it with their swords to hallow them! When the image of the Virgin Mary is carried through the streets, some of the devout think they catch her eyes, and exclaim in rapture, "Oh! she looked at me—the Blessed Virgin looked at me!"

"There are now a plurality of goddesses; the Virgin Mary is the Roman Catholic goddess, Nature the Atheist's goddess, Liberty the French goddess, and Truth the Metaphysician's goddess, in pursuit of whom they would fain send every body on another Pilgrim's progress; but the misfortune is, that none of these adventurers ever get beyond Doubting-castle.

"It is, however, one sign of improvement, that superstition predominates less in the metropolis than in the provinces.

Ten years ago the English clergyman at Porto never officiated at a funeral, such were the prejudices of the natives. The body was carried about a mile down the Douro, and buried in a common on its banks without any monument. The funeral service was read by the Consul, till at length he thought it beneath his dignity, and appointed the Vice Consul; this office was frequently held by a foreigner, and he deputed it again, so that at last it devolved upon a watchmaker. This poor fellow drank very hard, and one evening at the grave he mumbled at the service, and turned his book first one way and then the other, till a bystander had the curiosity to look over him, and found that instead of a prayer book he had brought the History of the late War! The prejudices of the populace are wearing away; within ten years the English have enclosed a burial ground at Porto, and the funeral service is now performed by the Chaplain.

"We had a little snow on the 29th of February. A Portuguese clerk, who was going out on business when it began, refused to leave the counting-house, because he did not understand that kind of weather. It is fourteen years since the last snow fell at Lisbon. Dr. H. was in his chaise when it began, the driver leapt off: you may get home how you can, said he, as for my part, I must make the best use I can of the little time this world will last, and away he ran into the next church.

"One of the Irish priests here preached a sermon in English a few days ago: it was extempore, and like most extempore sermons, consisted of a little meaning expressed in every possible variety of indifferent language. In the middle of his discourse the orator knelt down, the congregation knelt with him, and he besought St. Patrick to inspire him; but alas! either he was talking or sleeping, or peradventure St. Patrick was in Ireland, for the sermon went on as stupidly as before."

The work is enriched with pieces of poetry, part of which is original, and the remainder translations from the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

The Nurse, a Poem, translated from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo, by William Roscoe. Cadell. 6s. 4to.

THIS poem is translated with elegance, and its sentiments are deserving of universal acceptance. It exposes with indignation the unnatural and iniquitous practice of putting out children to nurse, when the mothers themselves are capable of rearing them. This practice prevails most amongst the higher circles, and is here justly reprobated. To such characters we particularly recommend the perusal of this poem, which cannot fail of impressing every feeling heart.

Mr. Roscoe has prefixed, by way of dedication, an exquisite sonnet addressed to his wife.

TO MRS. R.

As thus in calm domestic leisure blest,
I wake to BRITISH notes th' *Ausonian* strings,
Be thine the strain; for what the poet sings
Has the chaste tenor of thy life express'd.

And whilst delighted to thy willing breast,
With rosy lip thy smiling infant clings,
Pleas'd I reflect, that from those healthful springs,
Ah! not by thee with niggard love repress'd:

Six sons successive, and thy later care
Two daughters fair have drank; for this be thine,
Those best delights approving conscience knows,
And whilst thy days with cloudless suns decline,
May filial love thy evening couch prepare,
And soothe thy later hours to soft repose.

W. R.

The concluding lines of this truly useful and classic poem, which allude to the *Duchess of Devonshire*, who is known to have reared her own children, are here transcribed:—

O happier times! to truth and virtue dear,
Roll swiftly on! O golden days appear!

Of noble birth when every matron dame
 Shall the high meed of female merit claim,
 Then loveliest when her babe, in native charms,
 Hangs on her breast or dances in her arms;
 Thus late, with angel grace, along the plain
 Illustrious Devon led Britannia's train;
 And whilst by frigid fashion unreprest,
 She to chaste transports open'd all her breast,
 Joy'd her lov'd babe its playful hands to twine
 Round her fair neck, or midst her locks divine;
 And from the fount with every grace imbued
 Drank heav'nly nectar, not terrestrial food.
 So Venus once, in fragrant bowers above,
 Clasp'd to her rosy breast immortal love;
 Transfus'd soft passion thro' his tingling frame,
 The nerve of rapture, and the heart of flame.
 Yet not with wanton hopes and fond desires,
 Her infant's veins the British matron fires;
 But prompts the aim to crown, by future worth,
 The proud pre-eminence of noble birth.

Notes are added by way of illustration, which shew the learning and ingenuity of the translator. The poem itself is divided into two books, with the Italian on the opposite page; its author wrote it about the year 1534, and it seems every way worthy of being introduced to the notice of the British public. Of the merits of the translation we cannot speak too highly, every thing that passes through the hands of the accomplished Mr. Roscoe must partake of that classic elegance with which his mind is richly impregnated.

The Mountain Cottager; or, Wonder upon Wonder.
 From the German of G. H. Spiess. 3s. 6d. sewed.
 Lane.

WE can safely recommend this well-written tale to our young Readers, without running the hazard of endangering their morals. We understand that its translator is Miss Plumptre, who has executed her task with ability.

Sermons, to which are subjoined suitable Hymns. By Edmund Butcher. 7s. Knott.

WE have seldom read a volume of sermons with greater pleasure and improvement. There is a justness in the sentiments—a neatness in the expression, and a benevolence in the spirit of these Discourses which recommend them powerfully to the feelings of the heart. They are chiefly designed for *the use of families*, by the practical nature of their subjects, and the moderate length to which they are extended. Indeed no family should be without them—for they abound with animated exhibitions of the divine character—and enforce those important duties, the discharge of which constitutes the happiness and dignity of mankind.

The following excellent remarks on diligence, we recommend to our young readers :

“That man was not sent into the world to be idle, every thing about him demonstrates. A degree of labour is necessary to render useful to us the articles of nourishment, and support. Even those who, by the abundance of their wealth, have no occasion to do any thing to secure the supplies, or even the elegancies of life, yet these persons, if they will be clean, and healthy (to say nothing of the furniture of their minds) must employ a considerable degree of personal activity, and exertion. Happy, indeed, is it, both for themselves and others, that the necessity of diligence is, in almost all cases, greater than that which has been just supposed. There are, comparatively, very few, who are not obliged to put forth all their capacities, either of body or mind, to render themselves, and their families comfortable. The munificence and wisdom of heaven are as conspicuous in what is withheld, as in what is bestowed upon us. If God had intended us for drones, he would either have made us different from what we are, or he would have supplied us with accommodations in a different way: but, blessed be his name, he had more love for us than this. He did not intend that the noble energies of man should have nothing to call them into

into exercise, nor has he confined us within the narrow limits of instinct. From age to age, the beaver constructs its wonderful habitation; the bees, and the birds, their commodious, and beautiful nests, and palaces, in the same unvarying manner. The mind of man is fitted for a wider range. Reflection, and contrivance belong to him. He proceeds upon general principles, and, therefore, before he makes his efforts, he can calculate the success of many of them. If defects appear, a remedy will soon occur, and thus experience, reason, and foresight, going hand in hand, his advances, and improvements are proportionably extensive.

"All this, however, supposes exertion, and diligence. The raw materials are abundantly put into our hands, but except our labour and thought are employed about them, the raw materials will do us no good. The most insignificant object cannot be produced without mental, and bodily exertion. Our daily food cannot be procured without a large expence of time, labour, and ingenuity. To instance only in bread, what a variety of hands and processes, does it go through, from the time it is sown a grain in the field, to the moment when, in the form of bread, it is placed upon our tables? Every child can tell that the plainest rudiments of knowledge, the mere letters, and words in which we afterwards express our thoughts, and point out the means of improvement, are attained, only with great difficulty, and after numerous unsuccessful efforts. If, therefore, the simplest purposes cannot be effected without great application, and perseverance, how much more are they necessary in the attainment of great, and complicated ends. It were easy to enlarge here, but I hasten to shew what diligence is; its advantages; and what are the chief views with which it should be exerted.

"Diligence is the proper exertion of those faculties of mind, and body, with which it has pleased our Maker to furnish us. When I say proper, I mean that it is the just medium between idleness on the one hand, and unreasonable slavish exertion, on the other. Diligence is an uniform habitual principle; it does not operate by fits, and starts; it is not to-day engaged in exertions fitted to exhaust a machine of iron, and to-morrow abandoned to inactivity, and sloth; it is the fair, daily application of mental, and bodily strength, in
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the discharge of those duties of life which belong to the station we occupy in society. The Apostle has happily defined it, *not slothful in business*. Experience has again and again demonstrated, that though this uniform activity, in a short space of time, will not produce so much as some unnatural and extraordinary efforts, yet it is of infinitely more service in the common routine of life, because in the end, it will always produce more. Violence of any kind must necessarily be short. If a man labours beyond his strength to-day, to-morrow he will do little or nothing.

“Numerous, indeed, are the advantages of habitual diligence. Our Maker designed us for activity, and he has taken care that we shall not counteract his design with impunity. We may, if we please, I mean some of us, suffer our minds, and bodies to rust in idleness, without incurring beggary as the consequence; but if we expect to be easy, and happy at the same time, we shall be miserably disappointed. Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the canker-worm of felicity. In a little time, to the man who has no employment, life will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave, the funeral of comfort will enter the church-yard. From that moment it is the shade, and not the man, who creeps along the path of mortality. On the contrary, what solid satisfaction does the man of diligence possess? What health in his countenance? What strength in his limbs? What vigour in his understanding? With what a zest does he relish the refreshments of the day? With what pleasure does he seek the bed of repose at night? It is not the accidental hardness of a pillow that can make him unhappy, and rob him of sleep. He earns his maintenance, and he enjoys it. He has faithfully laboured in the day, and the slumbers of the night are a sweet retribution to him. To the diligent man every day is a little life, and every night is a little heaven. The toil has been honest, and the reward is sure.”

The subjects of these Discourses are—Meditation—Diligence in Business—Self Satisfaction—Being ashamed of appearing Religious—The Influence of Example—The Christian Warfare—Joshua’s Command to the Sun—Nature and Power of Habit—Reasons against Anxiety

Anxiety—Necessity of Patience under small Difficulties, as a Preparation for greater Trials—The Sovereignty of God—The Pearl of great Price—The Resurrection of Christ—Public Worship—Fear of God—Honest Reflections—Early Religion—Proper Behaviour under Affliction—Time and Human Mortality considered.

The subjoined hymns are very appropriate, and through all of them runs an agreeable vein of devotional poetry.

For the recommendation of *Sermons* to our readers in this gay and thoughtless age, we make no apology. It was justly observed, not long ago, in a celebrated literary journal, that “the productions of the pulpit constitute every where the most interesting species of literature. Of all compositions they are most generally disseminated, and tend most to establish the opinions and form the characters of mankind. They are the great and salutary study of the common people, and come to them with irresistible associations of sacredness and solemnity. They constitute the principal stock of domestic literature. They are the study of every wise and considerate parent, and from them he derives all the precepts of religion and morality, by which those whom he has brought into this world of trial are fitted for a better. Sermons are the first compositions recommended to the young. To them the serious, the unfortunate, and the aged apply themselves in the hour of thoughtfulness and distress, and from them they often derive their hopes or fears. How important therefore to mankind are those books which have this influence on human opinions; which form the sentiments of youth; the principles of manhood; the hopes and consolations of age! And how well does that preacher deserve of his country, who feeling the dignity and importance of his office, brings forth all the powers of a wise and all the acquisitions of a cultivated mind, to recommend the spirit of *pure and enlightened* religion to every order of mankind!”

George

George Barnwell, a Novel, in Three Volumes. By T. S. Surr, Author of Consequences a Novel, and Christ's Hospital, a Poem. Symonds.

GEORGE BARNWELL is to be ranked among that common herd of novels under which the press groans, and by which the taste of the public is become vitiated. Spun out into *three* volumes it fatigues the attention. Indeed, we are surprized that Mr. Symonds should permit his name to be affixed to such an indifferent production.

A History of Inventions and Discoveries. By John Beckmann, Public Professor of Economy in the University of Gottingen. Translated from the German, by William Johnson. 3 vols. 1l. 1s. Bell.

(Concluded from page 92.)

TULIPS.

THESE flowers, which are of no farther use than to ornament gardens, which are exceeded in beauty by many other plants, and whose duration is short, and very precarious, became, in the middle of the last century, the object of a trade, such as is not to be met with in the history of commerce, and by which their price rose above that of the most precious metals. An account of this trade has been given by many authors; but by all late ones it has been misrepresented. People laugh at the Tulipomania, because they believe that the beauty and rarity of the flowers induced florists to give such extravagant prices: they imagine that the tulips were purchased so excessively dear, in order to ornament gardens; but this supposition is false, as I shall shew hereafter.

“ This trade was not carried on throughout all Europe; but in some cities of the Netherlands, particularly Amsterdam, Harlem, Utrecht, Alkmar, Leyden, Rotterdam, Hoorn, Enkhuyzen and Meedenblik; and rose to the greatest height
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in the years 1634, 35, 36, and 37. Munting has given, from some of the books kept during that trade, a few of the prices then paid, of which I shall present the reader with the following. For a root of that species called the Viceroy, the after-mentioned articles, valued as below expressed, were agreed to be delivered:

	Florins
2 last of wheat - -	448
4 ditto rye - -	558
4 fat oxen - -	480
8 fat swine - -	240
12 fat sheep - -	120
2 hogsheds of wine - -	70
4 tons beer - -	32
2 ditto butter - -	192
1000 pounds of cheese - -	120
a complete bed - -	100
a suit of clothes - -	80
a silver beaker - -	60
	<hr/>
	2500

These tulips afterwards were sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits* of Admiral Liefken cost 4400 florins; 446 of Admiral Von der Eyk, 1620 florins; 106 perits Schilder cost 1615 florins; 200 ditto Semper Augustus, 5500 florins; 410 ditto Viceroy, 3000 florins, &c. The species Semper Augustus has been often sold for 2000 florins; and it once happened, that there were only two roots of it to be had, the one at Amsterdam and the other at Harlem. For a root of this species, one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness. Another agreed to give twelve acres of land for a root: for those who had not ready money, promised their moveable and unmoveable goods, house and lands, cattle and clothes. A man, whose name Munting once knew, but could not recollect, won by this trade more than 60,000 florins in the course of four months. It was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noble-

* A perit is a small weight less than a grain. T.

men, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweepers, footmen, maid-servants and old clothes-women, &c. At first, every one won and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained in a few months houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. In every town some tavern was selected which served as a change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had their notaries and clerks.

“When one reflects seriously on this trade, one will readily perceive, that to get possession of these flowers was not the real object of it, though many have represented it in that light. The price of tulips rose always higher from the year 1634 to the year 1637; but had the object of the purchaser been to get possession of the flowers, the price in such a length of time must have fallen instead of risen. “Raise the price of the productions of agriculture, when you wish to reduce them,” says Young; and in this he is undoubtedly right, for a greater consumption causes a greater reproduction. This has been sufficiently proved by the price of asparagus at Gottingen. As it was much sought after, and large prices paid for it, more of it was planted, and the price has fallen. In like manner plantations of tulips would have in a short time been formed in Holland, and florists would have been able to purchase flowers at a much lower price. But this was not done; and the chimney-sweeper, who threw aside his besom, did not become a gardener, though he was a dealer in flowers. Roots would have been imported from distant countries, as asparagus was from Hanover and Brunswick to Gottingen; the high price would have induced people to go to Constantinople to purchase roots, as the Europeans travel to Golconda and Visapour to procure precious stones: but the dealers in tulips confined themselves to their own country, without thinking of long journeys. I will allow that a flower might have become scarce, and consequently dearer; but it would have been impossible for the price to rise to a great height, and continue so for a year. How ridiculous would it have been to have purchased useless roots with their weight of gold, if the possession of the flower had been the only object! Great is the folly of mankind; but they are not fools

without a cause, as they would have been under such circumstances.

"During the time of the Tulipomania, a speculator often offered, and paid large sums for a root he never received, and never wished to receive. Another sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Oft did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sold them at the same time to a farmer; and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, or farmer had roots in their possession, or wished to possess them. Before the tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke, and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had, which happened twice, no species perhaps was oftener purchased and sold. In the space of three years, as Munting tells us, more than ten millions were expended in this trade, in only one town of Holland.

"To understand this gambling traffic, it may be necessary to make the following supposition. A nobleman bespoke of a merchant a tulip root, to be delivered in six months, at the price of 1000 florins. During these six months the price of that species of tulip must have risen or fallen, or remained as it was. We shall suppose, that at the expiration of that time the price was 1,500 florins; in that case, the nobleman did not wish to have the tulip, and the merchant paid him 500 florins, which the latter lost and the former won. If the price was fallen when the six months were expired, so that a root could be purchased for 800 florins, the nobleman then paid the merchant 200 florins, which he received as so much gain; but if the price continued the same, that is 1000 florins, neither party gained or lost. In all these circumstances, however, no one ever thought of delivering the roots, or receiving them. Henry Munting, 1636, sold to a merchant at Alkmar, a tulip root for 7000 florins, to be delivered in six months; but as the price during that time had fallen, the merchant, according to agreement, only lost ten per cent. "So that my father," says the son, "received 700 florins for nothing; but he would much rather have delivered the root itself for 7000." The term of these contracts was often much shorter, and on that account the trade became brisker. In proportion as more gained by this traffic, more engaged in it; and

and those who had money to pay to one, had soon money to receive of another; as at faro, one loses upon one card, and at the same time wins on another. The tulip dealers often discounted sums also, and transferred their debts to one another; so that large sums were paid without cash, without bills, and without goods, as by the Virements at Lyons. The whole of this trade was a game at hazard, as the Mississippi trade was afterwards, and as stock-jobbing is at present. The only difference between the tulip trade and stock-jobbing is, that at the end of the contract the price in the latter is determined by the Stock-exchange; whereas in the former it was determined by that at which most bargains were made. High and low priced kinds of tulips were procured, in order that both the rich and the poor might gamble with them; and the roots were weighed by perits, that an imagined whole might be divided, and that people might not only have whole, but half and quarter lots. Whoever is surprised that such a traffic should become general, needs only to reflect what is done where lotteries are established, by which trades are often neglected, and even abandoned, because a speedier mode of getting fortunes is pointed out to the lower classes. In short, the tulip trade may very well serve to explain stock-jobbing, of which so much is written in gazettes, and of which so many talk in company without understanding it; and I hope on that account, I shall be forgiven for employing so much time in illustrating what I should otherwise have considered as below my notice.

“ At length, however, this trade fell all of a sudden. Among such a number of contracts many were broken; many had engaged to pay more than they were able; the whole stock of the adventurers was consumed by the extravagance of the winners; new adventurers no more engaged in it; and many becoming sensible of the odious traffic in which they had been concerned, returned to their former occupations. By these means, as the value of tulips still fell, and never rose, the sellers wished to deliver the roots *in natura* to the purchasers at the prices agreed on; but as the latter had no desire for tulips at even such a low rate, they refused to take them or pay for them. To end this dispute, the tulip-dealers at Alkmar sent in the year 1637 deputies to Amsterdam, and a resolution was passed on the 24th of February, that all con-

tracts made prior to the last of November, 1636, shall be null and void; and that, in those made after that date, purchasers should be free on paying ten per cent. to the vender.

“The more disgusted people became with this trade, the more did complaints increase to the magistrates of the different towns; but as the courts there would take no cognizance of it, the complainants applied to the States of Holland and West Friesland. These referred the business to the determination of the provincial council at the Hague, which on the 27th of April, 1637, declared, that it would not deliver its opinion on this traffic until it had received more information on the subject; that in the mean time every vender should offer his tulips to the purchaser; and, in case he refused to receive them, the vender should either keep them, or sell them to another, and have recourse on the purchaser for any loss he might sustain. It was ordered also, that all contracts should remain in force till farther enquiry was made. But as no one could foresee what judgment would be given respecting the validity of each contract, the buyers were more obstinate in refusing payment than before; and venders, thinking it much safer to accommodate matters amicably, were at length satisfied with a small profit instead of exorbitant gain: and thus ended this extraordinary traffic, or rather gambling.”

The Count of Burgundy, a Play, in Four Acts. By Augustus Van Kotzebue, Poet Laureat, and Director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna. Translated from the genuine German Edition. By Anne Plumptree. Symonds. 2s. 6d.

HERE we find the same exquisite touches of nature which pervade *Lover's Vows*—accompanied with sentiments which are honourable to human nature. In this drama the passion of love is delineated with its characteristic wildness and simplicity—it is conducted through its usual and perilous stages, and at last happily terminates in the holy and honourable state of matrimony!

Ode

Ode to Lord Nelson, on his Conquest in Egypt. By Harmodius. 1s. Egerton.

THE style and sentiments of this congratulatory poem are deserving of praise, and will be read with pleasure by readers of taste and discernment. The author pathetically laments the horrors of war, and expresses a fervent wish that the victory, which he here celebrates, may be succeeded by PEACE. Upon this pleasing supposition, he exclaims:—

Then, not in vain, will Nile's affrighted flood,
Have blushed with torrents of heroic blood;
Then, not in vain, will victory have crown'd
Her NELSON's head with laurels, o'er whose bloom,
Sublimely graceful waves e'en glory's brightest plume.

We breathe the same wishes for peace, and hope that e'er long our expectations will be gratified.

Don Carlos, a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Frederic Schiller, Author of the Robbers, Minister, and Freſco. 5s. Symonds.

THE name and works of Schiller are now too well known to need any commendation. Such is the just opinion of the translator, who has performed his arduous task with ability. The genius and spirit of the celebrated author of this tragedy pervade the whole performance.

In Watſon's History of Philip II. will be found an account of the original Don Carlos, who was the son of the execrable Philip, who got him poisoned by means of the Inquisitors. Such is the character which the dramatist has, with several material alterations, rendered the foundation of this admirable play. A comprehensive idea of this tragedy is to be obtained only by its perusal. The second scene, between Philip and

Carlos, is highly interesting and impressive. Our only objection is, the immoderate length to which this drama is extended. It is, however, a fault with which most German productions are to be charged. The volume is decorated by an elegant and highly-expressive frontispiece.

A Collection of Welsh Tours; or, a Display of the Beauties of Wales, selected principally from celebrated Histories and popular Tours, with Occasional Remarks, to which is added, a Tour of the River Wye. Third Edition, corrected, embellished with Seven Engravings, and Two Characteristic Ruins.
Sael. 6s.

THE principality of Wales holds out a subject of curiosity to those persons who are partial to the beauties of nature, and who are fond of beholding her variegated and romantic scenery. The very name of *Wales* conveys to the intelligent mind a train of fascinating ideas, connected with its history, with its manners, and with its general condition. It was the retreat of our ancestors when overpowered by an haughty and relentless foe, and since that memorable period it has cherished their rites and customs with sedulous attention. Even its ruins have in them a more than common interest, for they suggest to the reflecting contemplator every thing that adorns and dignifies their former history.

This Collection of Tours seems to have been formed with care, and the Public have given it an ample sanction by its having arrived to a third edition. We, however, think that its editor ought in justice to have specified the several authors to whom he is indebted for the information. Besides, many of the observations are more intelligible and appropriate when we are made acquainted with the name of the tourist. We wish that an attention had been paid to this circumstance,
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the want of which certainly detracts from the pleasure with which we perused this publication.

The following remarks are illustrative of the *manners and character of the Welch*, and may therefore be pleasing to the Reader.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE WELSH, &c.

“The paths of education, that lead to refinement of manners, are now become generally extended through every division of our island. Hence it appears, that from the introduction of English schools into the principality of Wales, the natives have gradually become more and more courteous, and, in many instances, discover no inferiority as to mental endowments or cultivated manners with their neighbours the English.

“As it hitherto has been the lot of a great portion of mankind to be deprived of such advantages, it may, in every state and nation, account for the very gradual progress in civilized manners, and the prejudices ever attendant on ignorance: it should therefore always be the practice of every one who may either travel for pleasure or useful inquiry, to make those allowances for the customs and manners of a people which in the nature of things is reasonably their due.

“Where the mind has long been left destitute of culture, it will account for a belief so generally retained in spells, omens, witches, ghosts, &c. throughout Wales; nor is similar credulity by any means uncommon in many parts of our own country, even at this day, as may abundantly be seen in Mr. Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*.

“The singular sociability of the Welsh character is indisputable; their attachment to the *harp* is well known, and an unrivalled eagerness for the *dance*. The latter amusement we were informed prevails even on the *sabbath*, after the service of the church is over.

“A temper naturally hasty, a high national spirit, and a hardy temperament of frame, are striking traits in the character of Cambrians.—From a single disagreement in a convivial

vivial party, we have known the whole room become one scene of confusion; each has challenged his fellow, and a battle royal has ensued. But the Welsh do not cherish resentment. In a few minutes the dance has succeeded, and general harmony been restored.

Such are the sons of Cambria's ancient race,
A race that check'd victorious Cæsar, aw'd
Imperial Rome, and forc'd mankind to own
Superior virtues Britons only knew,
Or only practis'd; for they nobly dar'd
To face oppression, and where freedom finds
Her aid invok'd, there will the goddess fly.

ROLT.

"Hospitality," says a late ingenious tourist, "that affection which may take root in every nation, but which retreats in general from the seats of opulence and luxury, is peculiarly adapted to the disposition of the Welsh; and wherever an opportunity has occurred, I have often witnessed its fascinating influence. This ever-blooming flower frequently adorns those rugged tracks which seem almost impervious to the haunts of men; in the most dreary wilds it charms the wearied senses of the traveller, and it flourishes eminently in the remotest vallies of Cambria."

"Wales, with regard to its natural wildness and romantic beauty, for fertile vales and towering mountains, may fairly vie with any other country; whilst her grateful rivers, ever varying as they flow, present a countless succession of beauties—The meandering Dee, with Conway and the Dovey, in North Wales, are no inconsiderable rivals to the Towey, the Wye, and the Usk, in the south. The majestic beauties of the Rhydol and the Tivy may challenge competition with the Mawddoe or the Clydd.

"The heights of the mountains in the north have certainly the pre-eminence over the south. Snowdon and Cader Idris will ever stand as monuments of some great convulsions of nature, and remain a stupendous spectacle, to awe and surprise the traveller.

"In the south cultivation takes the lead of the north, as well as in population; though the difference in the number of the towns and villages is not very great. Those of North Wales have, within these few years, been greatly improved,
from

from their free intercourse with Ireland; and the roads in every part are wonderfully improved.

"Comparing the beauty of the vales together in the two districts, the superiority must be given to the north so long as Clydd and Festiniog remain.

"On the superior dignity of their castles and abbeys it is hard to decide. Ragland, Tintern, Llantony, and the fragments of Caerphilly, are all objects of proud distinction; nevertheless, when we behold the picturesque and soaring towers of Caernarvon, Harlech, and Conway, with the sober but venerable Valle Crucis Abbey, our preference becomes suspended, and we scarcely know to which the palm should be assigned, or from which we have received the greatest portion of surprise and delight:—

While stray'd our eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From hill to dale, from dale to hill,
And Contemplation had her fill,
Ever charming, ever new,
The varied landscape charms the view,
The cataract's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
Each gives each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
Thus in Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

DYER.

We recommend the volume, which, giving a faithful representation of the country it professes to describe, will impart much instruction and entertainment.

Minor Morals, interspersed with Sketches of Natural History, Historical Anecdotes, and Original Stories.
By Charlotte Smith. 2 vols. 4s. bound.

EVERY production, however small, coming from the pen of this accomplished female, bears the marks of genius and ability. This piece is by no means inferior to her former productions. We admire the understanding that condescends to instruct children, and we think that the human mind cannot be better employed than in improving the rising generation.

Many useful articles of information are here thrown into familiar dialogue and sprightly narrative. They cannot fail, therefore, to benefit youth, for whom they are intended.

We cannot withhold from our young Readers the following charming little piece, which, as the season advances, we would advise them to get by heart.

THE KALENDAR OF FLORA.

Fair rising from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the Floral year,
The snow-drop marks the spring's approach;
Ere yet the primrose groups appear,
Or peers the arum* from its spotted veil,
Or odorous violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemonies their stars unfold;
Then spring the sorrel's veined flowers;
And, rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale, the freckled cowslips born,
Receive in jasper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo! the green thorn her silver buds
Expands to Maia's genial beam;
!Hottonia† blushes on the floods;
And, where the slowly-trickling stream,

Mid

* Cuckoo pint. † Water violet.

'Mid grafs and fpiry rufhes, ftealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthus* hides.

In the lone copfe or fhadowy dale,
Wild clufter'd knots of harebells blow,
And droops the lily of the vale
O'er vinca's† matted leaves below;
The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, or fly's ærial form.

Wound o'er the hedge-row's oaken boughs,
The woodbine's taffels float in air,
And, blufhing, the uncultur'd rofe
Hangs high her beauteous bloffoms there;
Her fillets there the purple nightshade weaves,
And pale brionia winds her broad and fcallop'd leaves.

To later fummer's fragrant breath
Clematis'‡ feathery garlands dance;
The hollow fox-glove nods beneath;
While the tall mullein's yellow lance
(Dear to the mealy tribe of evening) towers,
And the weak galium§ weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild-duck's neft,
And where the timid halcyon hides,
The willow herb, in crimfon drefs,
Waves with arundo o'er the tides;
And there the bright nymphæa|| loves to lave,
Or fpreads her golden orbs along the dimpling wave.

And thou! by pain and forrow bleft,
Papaver¶! that an opiate dew
Conceal'ft beneath thy fcarlet veft,
Contrafting with cyanus** blue;
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the ruttling gale amid the tawny fheaves.

* Bog bean. † Perriwinkle. ‡ Virgin's bower. § Yel-
low lady's bed-ftraw. || White water lily. ¶ Com-
mon poppy. ** Common blue bottle.

From the first bud, whose venturous head
 The winter's lingering tempest braves,
 To those which, 'mid the foliage dead,
 Shrink latest to their annual grave;
 All are for use, for health, for pleasure given,
 All speak in various ways the bounteous hand of Heaven.

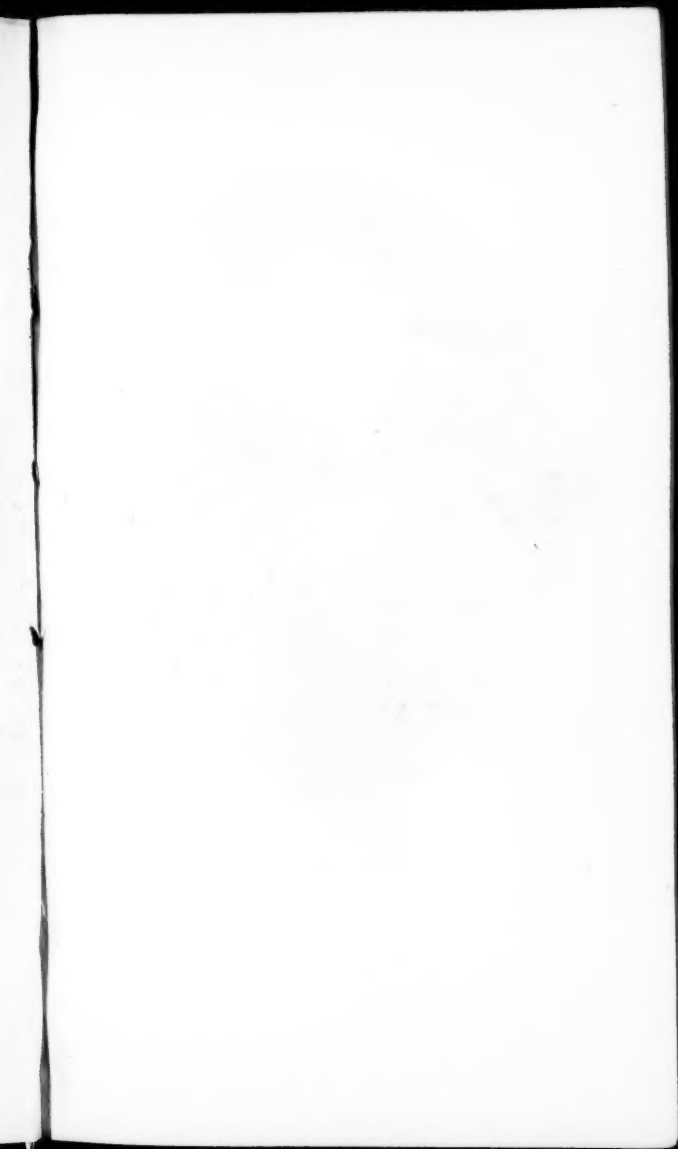
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Letter on Slavery—Anecdotes of Howard—Epigrams—Sonnet on Melancholy, and the Lines on a Robin frozen to Death in the late severe Season, are come to hand, and shall meet with insertion. This last piece is beautiful, and we hope that *Sophia* will favour us with more specimens of her poetical compositions.

The pieces of *J. R. the Minor*, and of *A very Young Poet*, cannot be admitted. The lines are prosaic and incorrect, therefore the maturer judgment of the writers will approve of their rejection. It is a pity that any person should attempt to write poetry without feeling its genuine inspiration.

Poor Jack is by far too imperfect for our Miscellany. There is a profusion of epithets in his composition, and a too frequent recurrence of the same expressions; these are the usual faults of young and inexperienced writers, but may be remedied by care and observation.

To our Correspondent who wishes to be informed relative to his acquisition of the *Italian, Latin, and French* languages, we refer him to *Milne's Well-bred Scholar*, where he will find a considerable degree of satisfaction. It is printed for *Rivington, St. Paul's Church-yard*.





Blackbird St.

MAJOR GEN^L TARLETON.

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